





THE
BEAUTIES of the STAGE:
OR,
DRAMATIC COMPANION.

Being a COLLECTION of the most favourite and admired
Scenes, Soliloquies, Speeches, Passages, &c.

Selected from the most celebrated and approved
TRAGEDIES, COMEDIES, FARCES,
AND OTHER
ENTERTAINMENTS OF THE STAGE.

Interspersed with a Number of
PARODIES, BURLESQUES, ADDRESSES, &c.

Together with SEVERAL ORIGINALS,

AND
An Essay on the Art of ACTING.

THE WHOLE CALCULATED
For the use and amusement of the LOVERS of the DRAMA,
particularly CANDIDATES for either SOCK or BUSKIN.

By W. STONE. *K*

"All the World's a Stage."

SHAKSPERE.

LONDON:

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BEAUTIFUL

BRITISH MUSEUM

General Secretary of the British Museum

TRACING



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THE
ART OF ACTING:
OR,
INSTRUCTIONS for CANDIDATES
FOR
SOCK OR BUSKIN.

TO sweeten precept, and instruct the mind,
By force of numbers, was of old design'd.
No new found track, which giddy wits produce,
My steps pursue; but paths long since in use.
Thou, first, great Athens! bid the drama rise,
The charm to goodness, while the scourge of vice;
Nor less, O Rome! thy nobler sons admir'd
That art, which Athens taught, and sense inspir'd:

Receiv'd it worthy of immortal fame,
And join'd the actor's with the poet's name;
Nor less it's pow'r obey'd, that fir'd the brave,
Could free the exile, and a country save.

SUCH eloquence thy power, O wondrous art!
Whose tender strokes afflict, yet charm the heart!
As thro' the sense thy stealing transports move,
We glow with rapture, and with tears approve:
Grief, anger, terror, in their turns succeed,
And now with rage we burn, and now with pity bleed:
Transform'd by thee, the wretched can be gay,
Forget the cares and troubles of the day,
And laugh, with thee, the jocund hours away. }

ATTEND the verse, who would in this be shown,
To warm our hearts with passions not our own;
To make our tears in friendly sorrow flow,
And fill our souls with sympathizing woe.
Great is their merit who in this excell,
In this no little art of acting well.

ENLIV'NING nature first should fire the brain;
Without a genius, precept is but vain.
From Heav'n this pow'r, it's origin divine,
Nor art can teach it, nor the verse define.

Tho' nature only can inspire the mind,
This inspiration is by art refin'd;
Clear'd from that undigested mass of things,
Which from a rude neglected genius springs:
As on the soil that never feels the plough,
Rank weeds and barren thistles wildly grow.
For, tho' nor art, nor genius can prevail,
United both, shall merit never fail.
If then a happy genius be your praise,
To feel these passions you would wish to raise;

With

With tragic fire to charm th' admiring age,
 Or in light comic scenes to grace the stage;
 First learn to taste a work of sense or wit,
 With the same judgment that it first was writ:
 Be action next your more peculiar care;
 Action the life, the being of a play'r!
 Then let your mem'ry and your speech be try'd;
 Art gives to these what nature has deny'd.

If to the tragic muse you're most inclin'd,
 With stores of judgment elevate the mind:
 Read, to this end, whate'er has rais'd the stage,
 The works of genius back thro' ev'ry age.
 Nor to the drama all your search confine;
 In epic strains the passions nobly shine.
 The chief of bards peruse with greatest care;
 All that is great in nature's self is there:
 Hence learn the attitudes of grief and rage,
 The silent passions that our hearts engage:
 Mark how ATRIDES doth the chiefs controul;
 Mark the fierce sallies of ACHILLES' soul;
 Here read, and shudder at the thund'ring noise,
 And start at words that need no actor's voice;
 Here mix the fight, now battle on the ground,
 Now mount the car, and feel each hero's wound;
 Attract a sympathy, the danger share,
 Shout with the victor, with the vanquish'd fear;
 Learn thence the passions—learn from ev'ry page
 The action, speech, that dignify the stage.
 For every writer learn a just esteem,
 With caution praise, but never dare condemn.
 To nature's fountain constantly apply,
 There freely drink; the source can never dry.
 Much art like wine intoxicates the brain,
 Nature's clear spring corrects the mind again.
 Then who with merit and success would play,
 Art must ensure, and nature point the way.

Tho' strength of speech and dignity of air
 Assist perfection, in the tragic play'r,
 True greatness lyes not here—'Tis not a thing
 Of noise and tinsel represents a king;
 Nor is th' affected step, or tragic tone,
 The mark whereby true majesty is shown:
 'Tis not to speak as bards of later time
 Attempt to write, all madden'd with sublime;
 Scorning the common road and vulgar style,
 Thro' unknown paths and rugged ways they toil;
 Swell, proudly swell, in tyranny of state,
 And labour most unnaturally great.
 Oh! far unlike the bards of antient days,
 Who justly claim a never-dying praise!
 These boldly dar'd to simple nature trust,
 Secure, tho' critics aw'd, severely just.

'Tis great to nature's utmost height t' aspire,
 But all beyond is false mistaken fire.
 The first chief step to those who would excell,
 Is this, to understand their author well.
 Peruse him often o'er, pursue his taste,
 Whether on just, or vicious objects plac'd:
 Strive not to give his labour'd nonsense ease,
 Nor strain your lungs to make vile fustian please;
 Seek not t' improve him, tho' he goes amiss,
 But justly know, and act him as he is.
 By this, tho' should the character be damn'd,
 The poet, not the player, should be blam'd.
 In a new work no wilful errors make,
 Consult the author, nor the sense mistake;
 No labour'd meanings of your own invent,
 Nor wisely tell the bard what 'twas he meant.

WHEN first a part's design'd to be your lot,
 Mark well the style, the characters, and plot;
 Hence learn the poet's aim, for what your use,
 And to what end the other parts conduce:

If doom'd to share the bus'ness of the play,
 With life begin, nor let that life decay :
 But if to uselefs purposes assign'd,
 Be uselefs then, and suit the poet's mind.
 Be not afraid of being often seen,
 Nor seem too busy in a lifelefs scene;
 In doing thus, your dulness may disgrace,
 Or you prove oft officious out of place.
 How oft a buskin doth a message bring,
 Stalking along as tho' himself were king;
 And, more to make his vast importance heard,
 Raves out the mighty business of a card?
 In the same scene, see kings debase the stage,
 With speech and action that might grace a page.

THRICE easy art! devoid of learning gain'd!
 With little pains, less common sense obtain'd.
 With what strange frenzy are our youths inspir'd,
 Each with th' ambition of an actor fir'd.
 The son, whose father a true plodding cit,
 Whose fires and grandfires had more coin than wit,
 Neglects addition and subtraction's art,
 And all his time employs to get a part.
 Forbear, my son, his anxious father cries,
 "*Angels and ministers!*" the boy replies;
 Whilst the poor parent trembles for his child,
 And fears by wicked plays his darling's spoil'd.
 In vain the master views, with wond'ring eyes,
 His raving 'prentice start in wild surprize;
 When now, "*A horse! my kingdom for a horse!*" he cries. }
 Lo! the sage chamberlain reproves in vain,
 The lad is lost, incurable his brain!
 His fire's reproofs as wisely are restrain'd.
 Who would provoke a Bajazet unchain'd?

HARD is the task in fetter'd rhyme to teach
 The grace of attitude, and art of speech;

Each

Each varied passion justly to express,
 And please by merit, tho' your praise be less.
 Example here o'er precept would prevail :
 The tutor oft succeeds where lessons fail.

YET with distrust behold what others do,
 Till reas'ning first you find their judgment true :
 The best sometimes mistake an author's thought,
 No actor will you find without a fault.
 To imitate, requires you should discern,
 What thence you may, and what you may not learn.
 If then by merit should a play'r aspire,
 And just elogiums from the town acquire ;
 Mark what his genius, unimprov'd by art,
 Mark by what means he gains each fav'rite part :
 By what his talents to perfection shine,
 And from his methods learn t' embellish thine :
 Else, while his tone and manner you would gain,
 Such affectation will appear too plain ;
 Your care and toil be spent at nature's cost,
 His worth in your's, and your's in his be lost.

No affectation can with justice please ;
 Your speech be freedom, and your action ease.
 Avoid the habits, and conceit of those,
 Whose constant flourishes each sentence close ;
 Nor join with those, who keep still drudging on,
 All parts alike in one continu'd tone :
 Tho' fear should startle, or tho' rage inflame,
 Their periods rise and fall, and close the same.

SOME to do right are ever in the wrong,
 And change their tones as oft as in a song ;
 Now mutter low, now raise their voice on high,
 Now quick, now slow, and all they know not why.
 This sudden change you must with care avoid :
 Tho' fools commend, the men of sense are cloy'd.

'Tis

'Tis not in nature, tho' it oft appear
The strength of judgment to the vulgar ear.

Who would by worth deserve an actor's name,
Should ne'er in various parts appear the same;
But ev'ry character with art t' express,
Should change his carriage, as he changes dress:
Else be whate'er the doughty hero's name,
We know the player, for he's just the same;
And yet so fond of change have others been,
As to transform themselves thro' ev'ry scene;
While all their various attitudes express,
Enough it was, we knew them by their dress.
Thus when, by this just caution unconfin'd,
We see a Buckingham and Richard join'd;
Or, tho' a haughty Bajazet he came,
The blust'ring lion dwindles to a lamb.

In threat'ning vengeance be your accents strong,
Loud, sharp, vehement, bold, and ne'er too long.
If mix'd with hate, and silence is impos'd,
Envenom'd, slow, be ev'ry sentence clos'd.
Defiance darted to an equal foe
Must be impatient, loud, and never slow:
If less in pow'r, or more ignobly born,
Let it be join'd with insolence and scorn.
'Tis not enough the furious sallies rise,
Unless you look destruction with your eyes:
'Tis not enough in fear your voice be low,
Your tongue should falter, and your speech be slow.
When the pale ghost looks dreadful, stalking by,
Stand mute, fix'd, trembling, with a stedfast eye;
If horror strikes from some uncertain sound,
Fix'd in amaze, stand wildly gazing round.
Roll not the glaring eye, nor twist the face,
Lest all your art convert into grimace.

In grief, should melting softness grace the whole;
 This charms the ear, and captivates the soul;
 Ne'er want for passion when your parts require;
 Better too much, than have too little fire;
 Yet ne'er emotion feel without a cause,
 Tho' all the gall'ry thunder down applause.

Our younger players fail, thro' vain desire
 Beyond their predecessors to aspire;
 Thus, with each glitt'ring fancy, poorly strive
 That to surpass to which they can't arrive.
 See the young stripling of aspiring age,
 Who scarce has seen two winters on the stage,
 Exulting in a character appears,
 Took from some player, sunk in debt and years;
 Anxious to shew his own superior art,
 With tasteless care embellishes the part,
 With many a turn of speech, and new discover'd
 start:

He meets success, the tasteless herd commend,
 And from the gods the thund'ring shouts descend.
 What tho' no merit he could justly claim?
 He boasts applause, and glories in his shame.

THIRST not too much for popular applause,
 That oft' commends and blames without a cause;
 Nor trust too boldly on too great a part,
 That may at once betray your want of art:
 Who goes beyond his pow'r has no pretence,
 But wretched vanity and want of sense.
 Be not too fond in various parts to shine,
 But study those which most your thoughts incline,
 'Tis nat'ral to do well where genius leads;
 But where's the man in ev'ry part succeeds?

Those paths pursue your genius hath begun,
 Left, those neglecting, you excell in none.

If to the comic muse you most apply,
 To men and manners keep a constant eye.
 Be no one character in life forgot,
 The coward, bully, Foppington or sot.
 In ev'ry person of each varied kind,
 Search deep the active seeds that rule the mind.
 By tracing thus your feelings, whence they rise,
 You justly judge where other's folly lies;
 Know well the bounds their varied foibles feel,
 As men discover drunkards by their reel.
 But well in comic scenes this maxim learn,
 Nature from wav'ring custom to discern.
 Tho' nature flows in one continu'd stream,
 From great Menander's days to these, the same;
 Yet manners vary, as we vary dress,
 Which the judicious player should express.
 The world's wide stage be ever in your view,
 And there th' originals in life pursue.
 Here affectation will more plain appear;
 For ev'ry mortal is a critic here.
 For in the scenes of common life we see
 What nature is, not what she ought to be.
 In parts where strength of passion is requir'd,
 Be not with rant, or tragic fury fir'd.
 In mod'rate bounds be ev'ry speech restrain'd,
 Who toils the most, we do not most commend.
 But in those scenes where native humour's hit,
 Free from the curse of farce, or curse of wit,
 Spoil not the great design with paltry art,
 But take from nature what you give the part.

[illegible]

THE
BEAUTIES of the STAGE;
OR,
DRAMATIST'S COMPANION.

The PICTURE of a SPOUTING CLUB.

Conamur teneus grandia.

HOR.

NOW o'er the day, night rolls her awful clouds—
This interval indulging, to the CLUB
Of SPOUTERS I repair, where mortal forms
Borne high upon the feathers of conceit,
Rise into air; while puffing blasts of wind
Bursting from loosely flying Fancy's cave,
Blow them to regions where Theatra reigns.
The room presents a group of objects rare,
Features distinct and various; while upon
The tables the resplendent pewter pots
Their pure contents and frothy substance boast
Invigorant. Virginia's plant matur'd,
Lies in the centre: with the clay form'd tube
Each member graces his extended hand.

B

Above

Above the rest, with lordly looks erect,
 Deputed fits the REGENT of the night,
 In elbow chair pre-eminent. His hand
 The silence-knocking hammer wields. Before
 His optic balls are placed two shining orbs,
 Betwixt whose pewter confines, interspers'd
 With glitt'ring pieces of argental coin,
 Lie wide spread Halfpence, jingling at the touch;
 There great he sits, with glee magnificent,
 To keep good order and direct each scene.

But lo! a Roscian now is on the move,
Stentorophontos; him long I mark'd,
 Saw meditation hover o'er his brow,
 And all his faculties absorb'd in thought.
 Forth he stalks with steps theatric. The signal giv'n
 All bend their eyes on him; no longer now
 Pauses the youth, but storms in wild *Macbeth*.

Lo! now apparent on his horrid front,
 Sits grim distortion. Ev'ry feature's lost,
 Screw'd horrible, inhumaniz'd. On stage
 Of quack itinerant I thus have seen
 An Andrew wring the muscles of his face,
 Deforming nature, and extort the grin
 And wonder of the many-headed crowd.

He spoke; when straight a loud applauding noise
 Ensues, the clap of hands and thump of feet
 Co-mingling, knuckles on the table's verge
 With fury beating, and the thwack of sticks
 Junctive confirm the rattle of applause.

Lo! now another of theatric mould,
 Rises in clouded majesty, yclep'd
Rantwell; him had his inauspicious fate
 Destin'd to oil, and dress the flowing curl,
 And with nice hand to weave the yielding hair;
 But each revolving, rising, setting sun,
 Beheld this hero looking on his trade
 With eyes indignant. His exalted soul
 Launch'd 'yond the limits of his narrow sphere,

Fraught

Fraught with extended notions of the stage,
 His intellects, high tow'ring, flew to realms
 Dramatic : there, the storehouse of his brain
 He fill'd redundant. Here he tries his skill
 Theatric, ere upon the graceful stage
 With steps advent'rous he dares to tread.
 In *Jaffier* now he breathes his ardent love,
 With sighs of mimic fondness. Now his breast
 Heaves with the weight of jealousy and rage
 Perplexing; all Othello wars within
 His various tortur'd heart. Oh! how his voice
 Rises and falls as Oysterella's soft
 And strong, when every street and curving lane
 Adjacent, echo the testaceous cry!
 He spouted—and receiv'd his share of praise.

Young *Capias* next his meteor lays down
 Igniferous. Him had his parents sent
 To London, (seat of business) there the laws
 Of Albion's state to learn and exercise.
 But fruitless was this Spouter's parents care,
 Tho' sedulous: For scarce two years had roll'd,
 Since proud Augusta first had blest his eyes,
 Ere the warm youth in these expressions broke :
 "Am I, ye gods! eternally to scribe
 "Inglorious?—No: some power uplifts my soul,
 "Buoyant above the common herd of earth's
 "Dull reptiles. Hence, ye wrong adjudg'd Reports,
 "Ye dry collections hence! I leave you all
 "To those grave, solid looking fools, whose ears
 "Tautology best charms. Oh, Shakespeare! come,
 "With all thy pupils! fire my glowing breast,
 "Expand my Genius, and enlarge my soul."
 Kindled that instant at the raptur'd thought,
 His lofty daring now assumes the port
 Of tyrant *Richard*, and with awkward strut
 Affects majestic air; but wanting skill
 Betrays himself unequal to the task.

Thy graceful periods so oft admir'd,
 Divine inspired Shakespeare! on his tongue
 Imperfect die away; his labour'd speech
 Sounds gutt'ral like the hoarsely croaking race,
 Upon the banks of some pellucid stream.

Scarce had he finish'd, when salutes his ear,
 The mingled noise, upon the dusty floor
 Reverberated. Down the Lawyer sits,
 Well pleas'd; and next starts up *Hibernia's son*,
 Like some enthusiast on a tripod rais'd,
 To catch each child of folly—now the cork
 Intruded swift into the candle's blaze,
 Is nigrified, and marks th' aspiring youth
 With whiskers bold. Ferocity now darts
 From either eye her broad unmeaning stare,
 In *Bajazet* he raves, and low'ring, bids
 Defiance: 'yond just nature's ample pow'r
 He rants elaborate. His roaring voice
 Calls echo forth resplendent. He ended;
 But the tribe with-held their banners of applause.
 Then down he sat with woeful aspect dull,
 But straight emerging from a sea of thought,
 He swallow'd hasty the salubrious stream,
 And re-inthron'd his abdicated soul.

Inflated with the swellings of conceit,
 And newly flush'd with bold aspiring hopes
 Of excellence, uprises *Leatheronzo*
 Fam'd. In repairing worn out calcuments
 None was his equal: No one better knew
 The pointed awl to handle; yet his soul,
 His noble soul with rage dramatic glow'd,
 And thinks to arrest attention: To extort
 Th' involuntary laugh, to bid the smile
 Sit dimpling on his cheek, the pearly drop
 Sudden to start from out the humid eye,
 Or to awake each Briton's just revenge
 On Gallic perfidy. In mad-struck *Lea*
 The scene he opens. But lo; for want of crown,
 Paus'd his mock majesty. Around the place

Long time his eyes terrific roll'd. At length
 " In a dark corner of the room he 'spied"
 An empty urinal. Fir'd at the sight,
 He snatch'd the pewter prize, and to his head
 Adapted it, well pleas'd. Now, now he raves
 With adamantine lungs; his head he moves
 Concussive, when a motion inopine
 His action terminates. Upon the floor
 Down falls the jordan. As it rolls along,
 Its sounds, in jarring music, ring applause.

Lo! now springs forward with elastic step
 A son of comedy, *Soccado* call'd;
 The tunic dazzling with its golden pride,
 The buttonhole gay wrought with wond'rous art,
 The well cut collar, and well fancy'd sleeve,
 Had oft his art proclaim'd; yet not to this
 Was his great soul confin'd. *Theatra* now
 (Dramatic goddess) whispers in his ear,
 And bids him shine away in *Foppington*.

With joints inflexible, and head oblique,
 An object stiff'ning to the sight, he stands
 In attitude unmeaning, and, the more
 To render him ridiculous, he lisps,
 And robs each word of its emphatic due.

He finish'd—when the wonted noise began
 Loud as his all attentive ears could wish,
 Nor less than that which shakes the circled seats
 Of playhouse upper gallery, when some
 Grand habited and merry pantomime,
 So much delights the num'rous terrene gods.

Prologues and Epilogues now crown the sport,
 By various genii profusely spoke,
 By stamm'ring *Welchmen* here, and *Scotchmen* there.

To periodize the humours of the night,
 Now far advanc'd, goes round the jovial song,
 The laugh exciting catch, or wanton tale
 Reiterated. Till the watchman calls
 The hour of twelve, when ends th' amusing scene.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely play'rs ;
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts ;
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Muling and puking in its nurse's arms ;
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then the foldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation,
 Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 With fair round belly, with good capon lin'd ;
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws, and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice
 Turning again tow'rds childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

As you like it.

A COMIC PARAPHRASE on the foregoing.

All the World's a Stage.

THUS Shakespeare has said, and what can we say ?
 But that life is a droll, 'twixt a farce and a play ;

Where

Where some live extempore, others by rule,
Some sly ones act knaves parts, and some play the fool.
The fool! and what then?—by the wise 'tis confest,
'That man lives the happiest, who plays the fool best.
Folly waits on our wishes, our senses she charms,
From——

The infant puling and muling in the nurse's arms.
While round her neck, the tender bantling clings,
She dandles the baby, and baby-like sings.

[*Holding up the flap of his coat, and singing to the
tune of, "O my kitten, my kitten."*]

"Here is papa's 'nown features, and here is jack-a-dandy,
"Give us a blow to beat 'um, and who'll have some sugar-
candy?
"He'll be a man 'fore his mother, and shoo pig, shoo,
shoo, shoo,
"Hot diddle dumplings hot, and cock-a-doodle-do."
Till tir'd she clasps the infant to her breast,
Offers the nipple, and the child's at rest.
Thus women and men, who are children grown tall,
When baulk'd of their wishes, will squabble and squall.
But when passion's indulg'd in its favourite diet,
Just like the pleas'd infant, they sleep and are quiet.

*Then comes the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,
Unwillingly to school.——*

Suppose me a schoolboy, with lank dangling hair,
My fingers frost nipt, and my face full of fear.
At my elbow the usher, my lesson I'm conning,
And *borum*, and *harum*, I'm thro' the nose droning.

[*Speaks like a schoolboy.*]

Amo, amas, amavi,
When I play'd truant, I cry'd peccavi.

Ye mighty men of classic lore,
Who ken this age, and that before,

Who

Who are in Latin called *Doctōribus*,
And always speak *propria quæ maribus*,
And write 'bout heathen Mars and Venus,
And Homer, Horace, and *Quæ Genus*,
And thunder out *Tondappibomminos*;
Those very sounds to me were ominous.

So I left them, because I'd not be like the lad,
Who must be a scholar, to please mam or dad:
When with Latin and Greek many years the boy's 'mus'd,
He's put to some calling where neither is us'd.

————— *The next is the Lover,*
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.—————

Very woeful indeed, for love's full of woe,
And sighs are the symphonies, *Ah! ah!* and *Oh! oh!*

————— *Then the Soldier,*
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble Reputation,
E'en in the cannon's mouth.—————

But now the work of war is o'er,
And fanguin'd Slaughter thirsts no more;
Our nation's happy, blest, and quiet,
Except a little playhouse riot;
For oft indeed, like man and wife,
Audience and Actors are at strife;
But errors own'd, the quarrel ends,
A pardon's ask'd, and all are friends.

Now smiling Peace in unstain'd robe,
Her olive waves around the globe.
England's sons, who bold have stood,
Victors on the land and flood;
No more through savage climates roam,
But bear their honours harvest home.

Glory

Glory from his triumphal car,
 Unlades the trophies of the war;
 Hangs up his shield, and sheathes his sword,
 For gown and slippers gives the word;
 And seated in his elbow chair,
 Laughs at each tumult here or there.

———*Then comes the Justice,
 With fair round belly, with good capon lin'd;
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws, and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part——*

Had Shakspeare known what 'twas to eat in taste,
 He would have furnish'd out a finer feast;
 Not cramm'd the justice, with coarse barn-door food,
 But lin'd his belly with hog barbecu'd;
 Then toss'd him up in taste a turtle hash,
 With high sauc'd calipee, and strong fow's'd calipash:
 And made his worship call out loud—*Here, Sirrah,
 Hand me a spoonful of the spinal marrow—
 A tumbler fill, a brusker, I can bear it,
 Your honour's health, my Lord;—'tis neat good claret.*
 Stroaking his belly down, then thus decree,
*The Calipash is fine, and so's the calipee;
 Come, t'other plate, I've only foul'd a couple:
 Two slices save me, Sir, of that pine-apple.*
*But, friend, don't take the haunch off yet, d'ye hear, at
 Hob nob, Sir?—Done. Two bumpers of Madeira.*

Thus would he introduce him on the stage,
 Had Shakspeare liv'd in this taste-eating age.

Sense now descends from brain to belly,
 And reason's stew'd down to a jelly:
 Good breeding rather over done,
 Religion raw, and let alone:
 Judgment is seldom done enough,
 And learning's but an apple puff.

E'en wit is only bottle small,
Which on uncorking, frothy flies;
But soon its acid spirits fall,
It sinks, grows flat, then sours and dies.

All things but taste must needs grow flat;
And as to taste, why pray what's that?
We've Artists of each kingdom's growth,
To teach us taste; but faith and troth,
So many cooks oft spoil the broth.

}

Again the justice let us find
With belly fair by capon lin'd,
And eyes severe, and so faith let him,
'Tis time I think, for us to quit him;
Leave him to talk of writs of errors,
Bails, fines, commitments, and demurrers,
Rapes, riots, constables, and keepings,
Fees, warrants, round houses, and whippings,
Contempts of court, and binding over,
Actions of trespass, and of trover;

Thus let him prate, with him we've done,
And to the next age pass we slowly on.

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
Turning again tow'ards childish trebles, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

Here, nurse, my flannel cap—how—who's that, ha? }
Nurse. Only the newsman, Sir—What's that you say? }
Nurse. The King of Prussia, Sir, has got the day.
Got to pay,—ay, let him come in, 'tis true
I thought to day I had some interest due.
Just on the instant a full wig'd physician,
Whom nurse had told her master's sick condition,
Approach'd the elbow chair where Feeble sat,
Who por'd thro's spectacles, and—cry'd, who's that?

When

When Don Diplomist, with cane smelling grace,
Grave putting on *secundum artem* face,
Stops nurse's answer, and demands his case.
Saying—*How d'ye find yourself, Sir, sound?*—
What bind myself?—No, Sir, I'll not be bound,
But on good trust I'll lend ten thousand pound.

Here nurse—nurse———

Now whistling in his speech, with voice outworn,
By nurse he's lifted like a babe just born.

Nurse, Nurse——

Then comes the fight that must appall,
He sinks, sinks, sinks, to the last scene of all ;
Where stands Oblivion with her outspread veil,
To end this strange, this sad eventful tale :
Taste, touching, hearing, seeing, speaking, gone,
Death drops the curtain down—the droll is done.

OLIVER.

GOOD morrow, fair ones; pray you, if you know,
Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

Celia. West of this place, down in the neighbouring
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream, [bottom,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place ;
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Ol. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such years: The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: But the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owners of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Ol. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Rosa-

Rosalind. I am; what must we understand by this?

Ol. Some, of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Ol. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and pacing thro' the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald, of dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who, with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: But suddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away,
Into a bush, under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his eldest brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Ol. And well he might so do;
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But to *Orlando*; did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Ol. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature stronger than his just occasion,

Made him give battle to the lioness;
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ref. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Ol. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tasks, being the thing I am.

Ref. But for the bloody napkin?

Ol. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place;
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love,
Who led me instantly into his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd in fainting upon *Rosalind*.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell his story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth,
That he, in sport, doth call his *Rosalind*.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede, sweet Ganymede?

(Rosalind faints.)

Ol. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is no more in't, cousin Ganymede.

Ol. Look, he recovers.

Ref. Would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Ol. Be of good cheer, youth; you a man! you lack
a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh ho!

Ol. This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Ol. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler, pray you draw homewards. Good Sir, go with us.

Ol. That will I, for I must bear answer back. How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ros. I shall devise something. But I pray you, Commend my counterfeiting to him.

As you like it.

LADY RANDOLPH.

YE woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
 Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
 The voice of sorrow from my beating heart,
 Farewell awhile!—I will not leave you long;
 For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
 Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
 Still hears, and answers to Matilda's moan.
 O Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
 Are e'er permitted to review this world,
 Within the circle of that wood thou art,
 And with the passion of immortals hear'st
 My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife
 Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost!
 My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn;
 Who perish'd with thee on that fatal day.
 To thee I lift my voice; to thee address
 The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.

O dis.

O disregard me not ; tho' I am call'd
 Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
 Incapable of change, affection lies
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.
 But *Randolph* comes, whom fate has made my lord,
 To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

Douglas.

GLENALVON.

SO !—Lady Randolph shuns me ! by and by
 I'll woo her as the lion woos his brides.
 The deed's a-doing now, that makes me lord
 Of these rich vallies, and a chief of power.
 The season is most apt ; my sounding steps
 Will not be heard amidst the din of arms.
 Randolph has liv'd too long : his better fate
 Had the ascendant once, and kept me down :
 When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,
 Rescu'd and had the lady for his labour ;
 I 'scap'd unknown : a slender consolation !
 Heav'n is my witness that I do not love
 To sow in peril, and let others reap
 The jocund harvest. Yet I am not safe ;
 By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,
 Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,
 And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.
 The way of woman's will I do not know ;
 But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly :
 I will not live in fear ; he is the man
 Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.
 No bar but he ; she has no kinsman near ;
 No brother in his sister's quarrel bold ;
 And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,
 I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon.

Douglas.

DOUGLAS.

MY name is Norval : on the Grampian Hills
 My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home ;
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
 And Heav'n soon granted what my fire denied.
 This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vales,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took ; then hasted to my friends ;
 Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe :
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life ; and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
 And Heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Douglas.

Dov.

DOUGLAS.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove,
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
 How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene !
 The silver moon, unclouded holds her way
 Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
 The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves ;
 The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 Imposes silence with a still sound.
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,
 If ancestry can be in aught believ'd
 Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old Norval.

Norv. 'Tis he ; but what if he should chide me hence ;
 His just reproach I fear. (*Douglas turns and sees him.*)
 Forgive, forgive,

Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
 Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son.

Doug. Kneel not to me : thou art my father still :
 Thy wish'd-for presence now compleats my joy.
 Welcome to me, my fortunes thou shalt share,
 And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.

Norv. And dost thou call me Father ? O my son !
 I think that I could die to make amends
 For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
 Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
 The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
 That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.
 Among the shepherds, in the humble cot,
 I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
 When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.
 I who was once a swain will ever prove
 The poor man's friend ; and when my vassals bow,
 Norval shall smoothe the crested pride of Douglas.

Norv. Let me but live to see thine exaltation !
Yet greivous are my fears. O leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers.

Doug. Why should I leave them ?

Norv. *Lord Randolph* and his kinsman seek your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that ?

Norv. I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,
I was alarmed with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came ;
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd, *Lord Randolph* this,
And that *Glenalvon* : Still of you they spoke,
And of the lady : threat'ning was their speech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry ;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge ! for what ?

Norv. For being what you are ;

Sir Malcolm's heir : how else have you offended ?
When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose.
But I could think of none : at last perplex'd,
I issued forth, encompassing the tower
With many a weary step, and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of *Glenalvon's* baseness :
But I will not suspect the noble *Randolph*.
In our encounter with the vile assassins,
I mark'd his brave demeanour : Him I'll trust.

Norv. I fear you will too far.

Doug.

Doug. Here, in this place
I wait my mother's coming ; she shall know
What thou hast told : her counsel I will follow ;
And cautious ever are a mother's councils.
You must depart ; your presence may prevent
Our interview.

Norv. My blessing rest upon thee !
O may Heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from the wave,
And from the sword of foes, be near thee still ;
Turning mischance, if aught hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine ! [Exit.]

Doug. He loves me like a parent ;
And must not, shall not lose the son he loves,
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day ! how hast thou chang'd my state !
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me
Never to thrive, child of another soil :
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.
Ye glorious stars ! high heav'n's resplendent host !
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish !
Dead or alive let me but be renown'd !
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
To give a bold defiance to our host !
Before he speaks it out, I will accept,
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Douglas.

GEORGE PHILPOT.

WHO now in my situation would envy any of your great folks at the court end ! a lord has nothing to depend upon but his estate—he can't spend you a hundred thousand pounds of other people's money—no—no—I had rather be a little bob-wig citizen, in good credit, than

than a commissioner of the customs—commissioner!—the King has not so good a thing in his gift, as a commission of bankruptcy—don't we see them all with their country seats at Hackney, and at Kentish Town, and at Newington Butts, and at Islington; with their little flying mercury's tipt on the top of the house, their Apollo's, their Venusses, and their leaden Herculefes in the garden; and themselves sitting before the door, with pipes in their mouths, waiting for a good digestion?—Zooks! here comes old dad; now for a few dry maxims of left-handed wisdom, to prove myself a scoundrel in sentiment, and pass in his eyes for a hopeful young man likely to do well in the world.

Enter Old Philpot.

O. Philp. Twelve times twelve is one hundred and forty four.

G. Philp. I'll attack him in his own way—Commission at two and a half *per cent.*

O. Philp. There he is, intent upon business! What plodding, George?

G. Philp. Thinking a little of the main chance, fir.

O. Philp. That's right, it is a wide world, George.

G. Philp. Yes, fir, but you instructed me early in the rudiments of trade.

O. Philp. Ay, ay! I instilled good principles into thee.

G. Philp. So you did, fir.—Principal and interest is all I ever heard from him. (*aside*) I shall never forget the story you recommended to my earliest notice, fir.

O. Philp. What was that, George? It is quite out of my head—

G. Philp. It intimated, fir, how Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, merchant, was cast away, and was afterwards protected by a young lady, who grew in love with him, and how he afterwards bargained with a planter, to sell her for a slave.

O. Philp. Ay, ay, (*laughs*) I recollect it now.

G. Philp. And when she pleaded being with child by him, he was no otherwise moved than to raise his price, and make her turn better to account.

O. Philp.

O. Philp. (*Bursts into a laugh*) I remember it—ha! ha!
—there was the very spirit of trade! ay—ay—ha, ha!

G. Philp. That was calculation for you—

O. Philp. Ay, ay.

G. Philp. The Rule of Three.—If one gives me so much, what will two give me?

O. Philp. Ay, ay. (*laughs*)

G. Philp. That was a hit, Sir.

O. Philp. Ay, ay.

G. Philp. That was having his wits about him.

O. Philp. Ay, ay. It is a lesson for all young men.
It was a hit indeed.—Ha! ha! (*both laugh*)

G. Philp. What an old Negro it is! (*aside*)

O. Philp. Thou art a son after my own heart, George.

G. Philp. Trade must be minded.—A penny saved, is a penny got.

O. Philp. Ay, ay. (*shakes his head and looks cunning*)

G. Philp. He that hath money in his purse, won't want a head on his shoulders,

O. Philp. Ay, ay.

G. Philp. Rome was not built in a day.—Fortunes are made by degrees.—Pains to get, care to keep, and fear to lose.—

O. Philp. Ay, ay.

G. Philp. He that lies in bed, his estate feels it.

O. Philp. Ay, ay.—The good boy!

G. Philp. The old Curmudgeon thinks nothing mean that brings in an honest penny. (*aside*)

O. Philp. The good boy!—George, I have great hopes of thee.

G. Philp. Thanks to your example. You have taught me to be cautious in this wide world.—Love your neighbour; but don't pull down your hedge.

O. Philp. I profess it is a wise saying.—I never heard it before.—It is a wise saying; and shews how cautious we should be of too much confidence in friendship.

G. Philp. Very true.

O. Philp. Friendship has nothing to do with trade.

G. Philp.

G. Philp. It only draws a man in to lend money.

O. Philp. Ay, ay.

G. Philp. There was your neighbour's son, Dick Worthy, who was always cramming his head with Greek and Latin at school; he wanted to borrow of me the other day; but I was too cunning.

O. Philp. Ay, ay.—Let him draw bills of exchange in Greek and Latin, and see where he will get a pound sterling for them.

G. Philp. So I told him.—I went to him to his garret in the Minories; and there I found him in all his misery; and a fine scene it was.—There was his wife in a corner of the room, at a washing-tub, up to the elbows in suds, a solitary pork chop was dangling by a bit of packthread, before a melancholy fire; himself seated at a three-leg'd table, writing a pamphlet against the German war; a child upon his left knee, his right leg employed in rocking a cradle, with a bantling in it.—And so there was business enough for them all.—His wife rubbing away—(*mimicks a washer-woman*) and he writing on, "The king of Prussia shall have no more subsidies—Saxony shall be indemnified—He shan't have a foot in Silesia."—"There is a sweet little baby!" (*to the child on his knee*)—Then he rock'd the cradle "Hush! Ho! Hush! Ho!"—Then twisted the grislin. (*snaps his fingers*)—Hush! Ho!—"The Russians shall have Prussia." (*writes*)—The wife (*washes and sings*) "There's a dear"—Round goes the grislin again, (*snaps his fingers*) "and Canada must be restored." (*writes*)—And so you have a picture of the whole family.

O. Philp. Ha! Ha! What becomes of his Greek and Latin now!—Fine words butter no parsnips.—He had no money from you, I suppose, George?

G. Philp. Oh! No—Charity begins at home.

O. Philp. And it was wisely said.—I have an excellent saying when a man wants to borrow money of me.—I am ready with my joke, "A fool and his money are soon parted"—Ha! Ha! Ha!

G. Philp.

G. Philp. Ha, ha!—An old skin-flint. (*aside*)

O. Philp. Ay, ay.—A fool and his money are soon parted—ha, ha, ha!

G. Philp. Now if I can wring an handsome sum out of him, it will prove the truth of what he says. (*aside*)—And yet trade has its inconveniencies.—Great houses stopping payment!

O. Philp. Hey! what! You look chagrin'd!—Nothing of that sort has happened to thee, I hope?

G. Philp. A great house at Cadiz, Don John de Alvarada. The Spanish Galleons not making quick returns—and so my bills are come back—

O. Philp. Ay!—(*shakes his head*)

G. Philp. I have indeed a remittance from Messina.—That voyage yields me thirty per cent profit.—But this blow coming upon me—

O. Philp. Why this is unlucky—How much money?

G. Philp. Three and twenty hundred—

O. Philp. George, too many eggs in one basket.—I'll tell thee, George; I expect Sir Jasper Wilding here presently, to conclude the treaty of marriage I have on foot for thee.—Then hush this up—say nothing of it—and in a day or two you pay these bills with his daughter's portion.

G. Phil. The old rogue. (*aside*) That will never do, I shall be blown upon change—Alvarada will pay in time—He has opened his affairs—He appears a good man.

O. Phil. Does he?

G. Phil. A great fortune left; will pay in time, but I must crack before that—

O. Phil. It is unlucky! a good man you say he is—

G. Phil. Nobody better—

O. Phil. Let me see—Suppose I lend this money?

G. Phil. Ah, sir.

O. Phil. How much is your remittance from Messina?

G. Phil. Seven hundred and fifty.

O. Phil. Then you want fifteen hundred and fifty.

G. Phil. Exactly.

O. Phil. Don Alvarada is a good man, you say?

G. Phil.

G. Phil. Yes fir.

O. Phil. I will venture to lend the money—You must allow me commission upon those bills for taking them up for the honour of the drawer—

G. Phil. Agreed.

O. Phil. Lawful interest while I am out of my money?

G. Phil. I subscribe.

O. Phil. A power of attorney to receive the money from Alvarada when he makes a payment?

G. Phil. You shall have it.

O. Phil. Your own bond?

G. Phil. To be sure.

O. Phil. Go and get me a check, you shall have a draught on the bank.—

G. Phil. Yes, fir, (*going*)

O. Phil. But stay—I had forgot—I must sell out for this—Stocks are under par—you must pay the difference?

G. Phil. Was ever such a leech!—By all means, fir.

O. Phil. Step and get me a check.

G. Phil. A fool and his money are soon parted.

(*aside and exit.*)

O. Phil. What with commission, lawful interest, and his paying the difference of stocks, which are higher now than when I bought in, this will be no bad morning's work; and then in the evening, I shall be in the rarest spirits for this new adventure I am recommended to—Let me see what is the lady's name. (*Takes a letter out*) Corinna! ay, ay, by the description she is a bale of goods—I shall be in rare spirits—Ay this is the way to indulge one's passions, and yet conceal them, and to mind one's business in the city here, as if one had no passion at all—Body o'me—I am a young man still.

Citizen.

Don

PHILARIO.

SEE Iachimo.

[Enter Iachimo.]

Posthumus. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that ever I look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like. [*Posthumus reads the letters.*]

Phil. Was Caius Lucius in the British court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkled this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I'd lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, as
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss, your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought

The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
 We were to question farther; but I now
 Profess myself the winner of her honour,
 Together with your ring; and not the wronger
 Of her, or you, having proceeded but
 By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
 That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,
 And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
 You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses
 Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
 To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
 Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
 Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
 I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
 You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
 They need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First her bed-chamber,
 Where I confess I slept not, but profess
 Had that was well worth watching, it was hang'd
 With richest stuff, the colours blue and silver:
 A piece of work
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
 In workmanship and value.

Post. This is true;
 And this you might have heard of here, by me,
 Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
 Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
 Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
 Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
 Chaste Dian, bathing; never saw I figures
 So likely to report themselves; the painter

Was

Was as another nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof of the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted.

Post. What's this t' her honour?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
(Praise be to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [Pulling out the bracelet.
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She stripp'd it from her arm, I see her yet.
Her pretty action did out-self her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off to send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she!

Post. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtue, which is nothing:
O, above measure false!—

Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won!
It may be probable she lost it; or

Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't; back my ring,
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true; I am sure
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induced to steal it!
And by a stranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her,
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore, thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying; under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic.
Ne'er count the turns: Once, and a million.

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,

And

And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'ft made her strumpet.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal;
I will go there and do't i' th' court before
Her father——I'll do something——

[*Exit.*]

Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience. You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

Cymbeline

POSTHUMUS.

IS there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was, I know not where,
When I was stamp'd. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit, yet my mother seem'd
The Diana of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn——
That I thought her
As chaste as unfun'd snow. Oh, all the devils!——
This yellow Jachimo in an hour——was't not?——
Or less; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full acorn'd boar, a German one——
O! torture to my mind. Could I find out
The woman's part in me, for there's no motion

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part ; be it lying, note it,
 The woman's ; flattering, her's ; deceiving, her's ;
 Lust, and rank thoughts, her's ; revenges, her's ;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice-longing, slanders, mutability :
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why her's, in part, or all ; or rather all. For even to
 They are not constant, but are changing still ; [vice
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them——yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will,
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

Cymbeline.

POSTHUMUS with a bloody Handkerchief.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I wish't
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones
 If each of you would take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than yourselves,
 For wrying but a little ? Oh Pisanio ;
 Every good servant does not all commands——
 No bond, but to do just ones. Gods ! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this ; so had you sav'd
 The noble Imogen to repent, and strook
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
 You snatch from hence for little faults ; (that's love)
 To have them fall no more ; you some permit
 To second ills with ills, each worse than other,
 And make them dreaded to the doer's thrift ;
 But Imogen is your own, do your best wills,
 And make me bless'd to obey. I am brought hither
 Amongst

Amongst the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom; 'tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace,
 I'll give no wound to thee; therefore good Heav'n
 Hear patiently my purpose; I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a British peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, for whom my life
 Is every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
 Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habits show;
 Gods, put the strength o' th' Leonati in me;
 To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin,
 The fashion less without, and more within.

Cymbeline.

BARNWELL.

HOW strange are all things round me! Like some
 thief who treads forbidden ground, and fain would lurk
 unseen, fearful I enter each apartment of this well-known
 house. To guilty love, as if that were too little, already
 have I added breach of trust—A thief!—Can I know
 myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend
 and injur'd master in the face? though hypocrisy may
 awhile conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and
 public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time,
 what must be my life? ever to speak a language foreign
 to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes,
 in order to conceal 'em. Sure such was the condition of
 the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity. Like
 me, disconsolate, he wandered; and, while yet in heaven
 bore all his future hell about him.

Enter

Enter TRUEMAN.

Tr. Barnwell, oh, how I rejoice to see you safe! so will our master, and his gentle daughter; who during your absence, oft inquir'd after you.

Barn. Would he were gone! his officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul. [*Aside.*]

Tr. Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you can't conceive how much you are belov'd. But why thus cool and silent? when my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away? why thus avoid me? what have I done? how am I altered since you saw me last? or rather, what have you done? and why are you thus chang'd? for I am still the same.

Barn. What have I done indeed? [*Aside.*]

Tr. Not speak!—nor look upon me?—

Barn. By my face he would discover all I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [*Aside.*]

Tr. I cannot bear this usage from a friend; whom till now I ever found so loving; whom yet I love; though this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well. [*Turning to him.*] Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes since you beheld them last.

Tr. Heavy they look, indeed, and swoln with tears;—now they overflow. Rightly did my sympathising heart forbode last night, when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

Barn. Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whate'er they are, are mine alone; you have no interest in them; nor ought your concern for me give you a moment's pain.

Tr. You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief I felt it; e'en now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

Barn. 'Twill not be always thus. Friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary;
and

and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both that now you lov'd me less.

Tr. Sure I but dream! without a cause would Barnwell use me thus? ungenerous and ungrateful youth, farewell? I shall endeavour to follow your advice—[*going.*]—Yet stay: perhaps I am too rash; and angry, when the cause demands compassion. Some unforeseen calamity may have befallen him, too great to bear.

Barn. What part am I reduc'd to act? 'tis vile and base to move his temper thus, the best of friends and men.

Tr. I am to blame; pr'ythee forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your ruffled mind; and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself. My friendly counsel may restore your peace.

Barn. All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

Tr. Something dreadful is labouring in your breast; oh, give it vent, and let me share your grief; 'twill ease your pain, should it admit no cure, and make it lighter by the part I bear.

Barn. Vain supposition! my woes increase by being observ'd; should the cause be known, they would exceed all bounds.

Tr. So well I know thine honest heart; guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn. Oh, torture insupportable!

[*Aside.*

Tr. Then why am I excluded? have I a thought I would conceal from you?

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

Tr. 'Tis strange—but I have done; say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you! I am not that monster yet.

Tr. Shall our friendship still continue?

Barn.

Barn. It's a blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms; and but upon conditions can confirm it.

Tr. What are they?

Barn. Never hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

Tr. 'Tis hard; but upon any conditions I must be your friend.

Barn. Then as much as one lost to himself, can be another's, I am yours. [Embracing:]

Tr. Be ever so, and may Heaven restore your peace! but business requires our attendance; business, the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares.— Will you go with me?

Barn. I'll take a little time to reflect on what has past, and follow you. [Exit Trueman.]

I might have trusted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my uncle to repair the wrong I have done to my master; but what of Millwood? shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? She who loves me with such boundless passion! can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. The love of life, and fear of shame, like wind and tide in raging conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt. How then can I determine!

Enter Thoroughgood.

Tha. Without a cause assign'd, or notice given, to absent yourself last night, was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame. When we have offended Heaven, it requires no more; and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease? If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

Barn. This goodness has o'ercome me. [Aside.] Oh, Sir, you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and

and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive it. Though I had rather die than speak my shame; though racks could not have forc'd the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

Tho. Enough, enough, whate'er it be; this concern shews you're convinc'd, and I am satisfied.—How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind! Some youthful folly, which it were prudent not to inquire into. *[Aside.]*

Barn. It will be known; and you'll recall your pardon, and abhor me.

Tho. I never will. Yet be upon your guard in this gay thoughtless season of your life; when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.

Barn. Hear me, on my knees confess—

Tho. Not a syllable more upon this subject; it were not mercy, but cruelty, to hear what must give you such torment to reveal.

Barn. This generosity amazes and distracts me.

Tho. This remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended. Whatever is your fault, of this I am certain, 'twas harder for you to offend, than me to pardon. *[Exit Thoroughgood.]*

Barn. Villain! villain! villain! basely to wrong so excellent a man. Should I again return to folly?—Detested thought!—But what of Millwood then?—Why, I renounce her:—I give her up—The struggle's over, and virtue has prevailed. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlook'd-for generosity has saved me from destruction, *[Going.]*

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, two ladies from your uncle in the country desire to see you.

Barn. Who should they be? *[Aside.]* Tell them I'll wait upon 'em. *[Enter Footman.]*

Methinks I dread to see 'em—Now every thing alarms me—Guilt, what a coward hast thou made me!

George Barnwell.

BARN.

BARNWELL.

A DISMAL gloom obscures the face of day. Either the sun has slipp'd behind a cloud, or journies down the west of heaven with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I am doom'd to act. Since I set forth on this accurs'd design, where'er I tread, methinks the solid earth trembles beneath my feet—Murder my uncle! my father's only brother—and, since his death, has been to me a father; that took me up an infant and an orphan, rear'd me with tenderest care, and still indulg'd me with most paternal fondness? Yet here I stand his destin'd murderer—I stiffen with horror at my own impiety—'Tis yet unperform'd—What if I quit my bloody purpose, and fly the place? [*Going, then stops.*]—But whither, oh, whither, shall I fly? My master's once-friendly doors are ever shut against me; and without money Millwood will never see me more; and she has got such firm possession of my heart, and governs there with such despotic sway, that life is not to be endured without her—Ay, there's the cause of all my sin and sorrow—'tis more than love; it is the fever of the soul, and madness of desire. In vain does nature, reason, conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to lust, to theft, and murder—Oh, conscience! feeble guide to virtue! thou only shew'st us when we go astray, but wantest power to stop us in our course!—Ha! in yonder shady walk I see my uncle—He's alone—Now for my disguise: [*Plucks out a wizar.*]—This is his hour of private meditation. Thus daily he prepares his soul for heaven; while I—But what have I to do with heaven? Ha! no struggles, conscience—

Hence, hence remorse, and every thought that's good;
The storm that lust began, must end in blood.

[*Puts on the wizar, pulls out a pistol, and exit.*]

George Barnwell.

UNCLE

UNCLE.

IF I were superstitious, I should fear some danger lurk'd unseen, or death were nigh—A heavy melancholy clouds my spirits—My imagination is fill'd with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies chang'd by death; when the pale lengthen'd visage attracts each weeping eye, and fills the musing soul at once with grief and horror, pity and aversion—I will indulge the thought—The wise man prepares himself for death, by making it familiar to his mind—When strong reflections hold the mirror near, and the living in the dead behold their future self; how does each inordinate passion and desire cease, or sicken at the view! the mind scarce moves; the blood, curdling and chill'd, creeps slowly through the veins: fix'd, still, and motionless we stand; so like the solemn object of our thoughts, we are almost at present what we must be hereafter; till curiosity awakes the soul, and sets on inquiry.

Enter George Barnwell, at a Distance.

Oh, death! thou strange mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? the extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars; that worlds exotic finds or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempt to pass in vain; lost and bewildered in the horrid gloom, defeated, she returns more doubtful than before; of nothing certain but of labour lost.

[During this speech Barnwell sometimes presents the pistol and draws it back again.]

Barn. Oh, 'tis impossible!

[throwing down the pistol.]

[Uncle starts and attempts to draw his sword.]

Uncle. A man so near me! arm'd and mask'd—

Barn. Nay, then there's no retreat.

[Plucks a poniard from his bosom, and stabs him.]

Uncle. Oh, I am slain! all gracious Heaven, regard the

E

prayer

prayer of thy dying servant ; bless, with the choicest blessings, my dearest nephew ; forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy.

[Barnwell *throws off his mask, runs to him, and kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.*

Barn. Expiring saint ! Oh, murder'd martyr'd uncle ! lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer !—Oh, do not look so tenderly upon me !—Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die !—By Heaven, he weeps, in pity of my woes !—Tears, tears, for blood—The murder'd, in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer—Oh speak your pious purpose ; pronounce my pardon, then, and take me with you !—He would, but cannot—Oh, why, with such fond affection, do you press my murdering hand ?—[*Uncle sighs and dies*]—Life, that hovered on his lips but till he had sealed my pardon, in that sigh expir'd—He's gone for ever—[*swoons away.*]—Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath the wholesome air ? let Heaven, from its high throne, in justice, or in mercy, now look down on that dear murder'd saint, and me the murderer ; and if his vengeance spares, let pity strike, and end my wretched being—Murder the worst of crimes ; and parricide the worst of murders ; and this the worst of parricides,

George Barnwell.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME still survives in this assembled senate !
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Lur. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Hark ! here he comes !

[*A sound of trumpets.*

May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him !

Enter

Enter CATO.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council;
 Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
 And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
 Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
 Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
 Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
 Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
 And Scipio's death! Numidia's burning sands
 Still smok with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
 And envies us ev'n Lybia's sultry desarts.
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they still fix'd
 To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
 Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
 By time and ill success, to a submission?
 Sempronius speak.

Semp. My voice is still for war.
 Gods, can a Roman senate long debate
 Which of the two to chuse, slav'ry or death!
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And, at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help:
 Rise and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 Or share their fate! the corpse of half her senate
 Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—to battle!
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us!

E 2

Cato.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason :
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides ;
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care ?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious ?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans : Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome :
'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and rebel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
Now let us shew submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves
But free the commonwealth ; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther use : our country's cause
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed ; what men could do,
Is done already. Heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Semp. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor—Something whispers me
All is not right——Cato, beware of Lucius.

[*Aside to Cato.*

Cato.

Cato. Let us appear not rash nor diffident::
 Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;;
 And fear admitted into public counsels,
 Betrays like treason.. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desp'rate. We have bulwarks round us;;
 Within our walls are troops enur'd to toil
 In Africk's heat, and season'd to the sun;;
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;;
 But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time??
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last;;
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
 And let me perish—but, in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage!!

Cato.

*CATO solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture; in his hand
 Plato's book on the immortality of the soul.*

A drawn sword on the table by him.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?—
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,

And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! thou pleasing dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untry'd being,

Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!

The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me;

But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.

Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,

(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud

Thro' all her works) he must delight in virtue;

And that which he delights in must be happy.

But when, or where—this world was made for Cæsar?

I'm weary with conjectures—this must end 'em.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,

My bane and antidote, are both before me:

This in a moment brings me to an end;

But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?

This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?

Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care

Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,

That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,

Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,

An off'ring fit for Heaven. Let guilt or fear

Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of 'em;

And diff'rent in his choice, to sleep or die.

PARODY on the foregoing.

OVID, it must be so—Thou reason'st well ;
 Else whence this pleasing pain—these tender doubts—
 This longing after something unpossess'd ?
 Or whence these anxious thoughts, and dreary views
 Of distant woe ?—Why shrinks the throbbing heart
 Back on itself, and trembles at enlargement ?
 'Tis the soft tenderness that stirs within us ;
 'Tis love itself that points the paths to rapture,
 And intimates a paradise to lovers.—
 A paradise—a heaven !—Oh pleasing thoughts !
 Through what delicious scenes, ideal bliss,
 Through what soft sentiments the soul must pass !
 The wide, the pleasing prospect lies before us ;
 But doubt and fears obscure the distant view.
 Here will I hold—if there's a god of love,
 (And that there is, all nature plainly proves,
 In soft emotions)—he must delight in truth ;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.—
 But when or where—This world was made for Florio—
 I'm weary of conjectures, this will end them—
 [*Taking a love letter in one hand, and Ovid in the other.*]
 Thus am I doubly arm'd ; my joy, my grief,
 My pain, my pleasure, now I hold before me ;—
 This in a moment wou'd destroy my passion,
 But this informs me women may be conquer'd.
 The heart, secur'd in constancy, will smile
 At harshest threats, and boldly frowns defy :
 Courtiers shall grow sincere, mechanics honest,
 And ancient maids a proffer'd spouse refuse ;
 But thou, my soul, in constancy sincere,
 Shall view, unmov'd, each variegated charm,
 And laugh to scorn attractions of the sea.

Lady TOWNLEY'S SOLILOQUY.—A Burlesque.

IT must be so—great Hoyle, thou counsell'ft well;
 Else whence this anxious hope, this thirst of gain,
 This longing after Pharao, Whist, Quadrille?—
 But whence this secret dread, and inward horror
 Of staking all I'm worth? Why shrinks my soul?
 Does Reason's secret impulse strive to shake
 My firm resolve of going to a drum!
 No:—'Tis last night's ill run at which I start;
 'Tis want of gold that dictates Stay at home,
 And intimates 'twere better not to play.
 Must I not play? Oh, serious hated thought!
 From what variety of pleasing hopes,
 From what gay scenes of joy, would'st thou exclude me,
 And tempt my steps to tread Discretion's paths?
 The wild, the dreary prospect lies before me,
 And none but prudent fools can rest upon it.
 Here I will hold: If there is chance at play,
 (And that there is, Hoyle proves in every line,
 Through all his works) I yet may be successful;
 And if successful, then I must be happy.
 But when, or where?—Home has no charms for me.—
 I'm weary of conjectures.—Bring me my jewels. *[To her*
 Thus am I doubly arm'd; jewels and gold, *maid.*
 My purse and casket, now are both before me:
 This, in a moment, may perchance be lost;
 But this insures me credit for a week.
 My heart elate, depending on good fortune,
 Smiles at *sans prendre*, and defies Codille.
 The stars shall fade away, the tapers waste,
 Morning appear, my husband wake alone;
 But I shall flourish heroine at play,
 Unhurt by fears of war with France or Spain,
 Prussia's defeat, or Brunswick's overthrow.

ARCHER and SCRUB, *singing, and bugging one another;*
SCRUB *with a tankard in his hand, GIPSEY listening at*
a distance.

SCRUB.

T ALL, all, dall!——Come, my dear boy——let
us have that song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the family——but will
you be sure to keep the secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my honour, as I'm a gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough——You must know, then, that
my master is the Lord Viscount Aimwell; he fought a
duel t'other day in London, wounded his man so dange-
rously that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether
the gentleman's wounds be mortal or not: he never was
in this part of England before, so he chose to retire to
this place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me.

[*Exit.*

Scrub. And where were you when your master fought?

Arch. We never know of our masters' quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our masters in the country, here, receive
a challenge, the first thing they do is to tell their wives;
the wife tells the servants, the servants alarm the tenants,
and in half an hour you shall have the whole country up
in arms——

Arch. To hinder two men from doing what they have
no mind for.——But if you should chance to talk, now,
of this business——

Scrub. Talk! ah, Sir, had I not learn'd the knack of
holding my tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great
family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are secrets in all fa-
milies.

Scrub. Secrets! O, lud!——but I'll say no more.——
Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our tankard.
Here——

Arch. With all my heart: who knows but you and I
may

may come to be better acquainted, eh——Here's your ladies health: you have three, I think; and to be sure there must be secrets among 'em.

Scrub. Secrets! Ah! friend, friend!——I wish I had a friend.——

Arch. Am I not your friend? Come, you and I will be sworn brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this minute——Give me a kifs——And now, brother Scrub——

Scrub. And now, brother Martin, I will tell you a secret that will make your hair stand an end——You must know, that I am consumedly in love.

Arch. That's a terrible secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That jade, Gipsy, that was with us just now in the cellar, is the errantest whore that ever wore a petticoat, and I'm dying for love of her.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha!——Are you in love with her person, or her virtue, brother Scrub?

Scrub. I should like virtue best, because it is more durable than beauty; for virtue holds good with some women long and many day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the country, I grant ye, where no woman's virtue is lost, till a bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, cou'd I bring her to a bastard, I shou'd have her all to myself; but I dare not put it upon that lay for fear of being sent for a soldier——Pray, brother, how do you gentlemen in London like that same pressing act?

Arch. Very ill, brother Scrub.—'Tis the worst that ever was made for us:—formerly I remember the good days when we cou'd dun our masters for our wages, and if they refused to pay us, we cou'd have a warrant to carry 'em before a justice; but now, if we talk of eating, they have a warrant for us, and carry us before three justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating; for the

the justices won't give their own servants a bad example. Now this is my misfortune——I dare not speak in the house, while that jade, Gipsy, dings about like a fury——Once I had the better end of the staff.

Arch. And how comes the change now?

Scrub. Why, the mother of all this mischief is a priest.

Arch. A priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd son of a whore of Babylon, that came over hither to say grace to the French officers, and eat up our provisions—There's not a day goes over his head without a dinner or supper in this house.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the family?

Scrub. Because he speaks English as if he had liv'd here all his life, and tells lies as if he had been a traveller from his cradle.

Arch. And this priest, I'm afraid, has converted the affections of your Gipsy.

Scrub. Converted; ay, and perverted, my dear friend—For I'm afraid he has made her a whore and a papist—But this is not all, there's the French count and Mrs. Sullen, they're in confederacy, and for some private end of their own too, to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful family yours, brother Scrub: I suppose the maiden lady has her lover too.

Scrub. Not that I know—She's the best on 'em, that's the truth on't: but they take care to prevent my curiosity, by giving me so much business, that I am a perfect slave:—What do you think is my place in this family?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you—I'll tell you—Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, a Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and on Sunday draw beer.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha! if variety be a pleasure in life, you have enough on't, my dear brother.

Beaux Stratagem.

SCRUB.

SCRUB.

MMARTIN, brother Martin.

Arch. O brother Scrub, I beg your pardon, I was not a going: Here's a guinea my master order'd you.

Scrub. A guinea, hi hi, hi, a guinea! eh—by this light it is a guinea; but I suppose you expect twenty shillings in change.

Arch. Not at all: I have another for Gipsef.

Scrub. A guinea for her! Fire and faggot for the witch—Sir, give me that guinea, and I'll discover a plot.

Arch. A plot?

Scrub. Ay, Sir, a plot, a horrid plot.—First, it must be a plot, because there's a woman in't: Secondly, it must be a plot, because there's French gold in't: And fourthly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother Scrub.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a priest and a woman, there's always a mystery and a riddle. This I know, that here has been the doctor with a temptation in one hand, and an absolution in the other; and Gipsef has sold herself to the devil; I saw the price paid down, my eyes shall take their oath on't.

Arch. And is all this bustle about Gipsef

Scrub. That's not all; I could hear but a word here? and there; but I remember they mentioned a count, a closet, a back-door, and a key.

Arch. The count! did you hear nothing of Mrs. Sullen?

Scrub. I did hear some word that sounded that way: but whether it was Sullen or Dorinda, cou'd not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to nobody, brother?

Scrub. Told! No, Sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one word, pro nor con, till we have a peace.

Arch. You're i'th' right, brother Scrub. Here's a treaty a-foot between the count and the lady.—The priest and

and the chambermaid are plenipotentiaries.—It shall go hard but I'll find a way to be included in the treaty.—Where's the doctor now?

Scrub. He and Gipsy are this moment devouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

Aim. [*From without.*] Martin, Martin!

Arch. I come, Sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forgot the other guinea, brother Martin.

Arch. Here, I give it with all my heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my soul. [*Exit Archer.*] I'cod, I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. Gipsy: and if you shou'd set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off.

Beaux Stratagem:

HUBERT.

MY lord, they say five moons were seen to night,
Four fix'd, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and bedlams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on th' anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his shears, and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste

Had fallſly thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike French
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artifiſer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord? why, did not you provoke me?

K. John. It is the curſe of kings to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of life;
And on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majeſty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect.

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heav'n and
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal [earth,
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.

How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done! for hadſt thou not been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhor'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a prince.

Hub. My lord——

K. John. Had'ſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a [paufe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;

Deep

Deep shame had struck me dumb, and made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me,
 And thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name:
 Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My nobles leave me, and my state is brav'd,
 E'en at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility, and civil tumult reign,
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never center'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderer's thought;
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,
 Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be a butcher of a guiltless child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience.
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy features, for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste;
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

King John.

RICHARD.

NOW are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
 Our stern alarms are chang'd to merry meetings;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures:
 Grim'd-visag'd War has smooth'd his wrinkl'd front,
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute:
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 I that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by 'em.
 Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away my hours,
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on my own deformity:
 Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, and to o'erbear such
 As are of happier person than myself;
 Why then to me this restless world's but hell.
 'Till this mis-shapen trunk's aspiring head
 Be circled with a glorious diadem—
 But then 'tis fix'd on such a height; oh, I
 Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul.
 I'll climb betimes without remorse or dread,
 And my first step shall be on Henry's head.

*Richard the Third.**King*

King Henry sleeping.

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Lieu. Asleep so soon! but sorrow minds no seasons,
The morning, noon, and night with her's the same;
She's fond of any hour that yields repose.

Hen. Who's there? Lieutenant! is it you? come hither!

Lieu. You shake, my lord, and look affrighted.

Hen. Oh! I have had the fearful'st dream! such sights,
That as I live,
I wou'd not pass another hour so dreadful,
Tho' 'twere to buy a world of happy days.
Reach me a book——I'll try if reading can
Divert these melancholy thoughts

Enter Richard.

Rich. Good day, my lord; what, at your book so hard?
I disturb you.

Hen. You do indeed.

Rich. Go, friend, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.

Hen. What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?

[Exit Lieu.]

Rich. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Hen. Where thieves without controulment rob and kill,
The traveller doth fear each bush a thief:
The poor bird that has been already lim'd,
With trembling wings misdoubts of every bush;
And I, the hapless male of one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
By whom my young one bled, was caught and kill'd.]

Rich. Why what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl,
And yet for all his wings the fool was drown'd:
Thou should'st have taught thy boy his prayers alone,
And then he had not broke his neck with climbing.

Hen. Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that piercing story;
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life!

Rich. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

Hen. If murdering innocents be executing,
Then thou art the worst of executioners.

Rich. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption:

Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine;
But thou wert born to massacre mankind.
How many old men's sighs, and widows' moans?
How many orphans water-standing eyes,
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands fate,
And children for their parents timeless death,
Will rue the hour that ever thou wert born?
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd, forboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees,
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sang;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
Yet brought forth less than a mother's hope.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wert born,
Which plainly shew'd, thou cam'st to bite mankind;
And if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st——

Rich. I'll hear no more—die prophet in thy speech,
For this among the rest was I ordain'd. [*Stabs him.*]

Hen. Oh! and much more slaughter after this;
Just Heaven forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*]

Rich. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground,—I thought it wou'd have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.
O, may such purple tears be always shed
By those that wish the downfall of our house.
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and I say, I sent thee thither.
I that have neither pity, love, nor fear;
Indeed 'tis true, what Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,

I came

I came into the world with my legs forward;
 The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
 Good Heaven bless us, he is born with teeth!
 And so I was, which plainly signified
 That I should snarl and bite, and play the dog.
 Then since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it;
 I have no brother, am like no brother;
 And this word *love*, which grey-beards call divine,
 Be resident in men, like one another;
 And not in me—I am—myself alone.
 Clarence, beware, thou keep'st me from the light;
 But if I fail not in my deep intent,
 Thou'st not another day to live; which done,
 Heav'n take the weak king Edward to his mercy,
 And leave the world for me to baffle in.
 But soft—I'm sharing spoil before the field is won.
 Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns,
 When they are gone, then I must count my gains.
Richard the Third.

Enter Richard from his Tent.

Rich. 'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world
 Is with a lonely solemn darkness hung;
 Yet I (so coy a dame is sleep to me)
 With all the weary courtship of
 My care-tir'd thoughts, can't win her to my bed;
 Tho' ev'n the stars do wink, as 'twere with over-watching.
 I'll forth, and walk a while—the air's refreshing,
 And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay,
 Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour:
 How awful is this gloom—and hark, from camp to camp
 The hum of either army stilly sounds;
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive

The

The secret whispers of each other's watch;
 Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighings,
 Piercing the night's dull ear—Hark, from the tents,
 The armourers accomplishing the knights,
 With clink of hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation; while some
 Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
 With patience sit, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger—by yon Heav'n, my stern
 Impatience chides this tardy-gated night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
 So tediously away—I'll to my couch,
 And once more try to sleep her into morning.

[Lies down; a groan is heard.]

Ha! what means this dismal voice? Sure 'tis
 The echo of some yawning grave,
 That teems with an untimely ghost—'tis gone,
 'Twas but my fancy, or perhaps the wind,
 Forcing his entrance thro' some hollow cavern.
 No matter what—I feel my eyes grow heavy. *[Sleeps.]*

*[After a small space of time, he awakes and starts
 from his couch.]*

Give me a horse—bind up my wounds!
 Have mercy, Heaven! ha! soft! 'twas but a dream:
 But then so terrible, it shakes my soul:
 Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
 My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror,
 O tyrant conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
 When I look back 'tis terrible retreating:
 I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent:
 I am but man; and fate, so thou dispose me.
 Who's there?

Enter Catesby.

Cat. 'Tis I, my lord; the early village-cock
 Has thrice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

Rich. O Catesby! I have had such horrid dreams.

Cat.

Cat. Shadows, my lord—below the soldier's heeding.

Rich. Now, by this day's hopes—shadows to-night,
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Arm'd all in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

Cat. Be more yourself, my lord: Consider, sir,
Were it but known a dream had frightened you,
How would your animated foe presume on't?

Rich. Perish that thought—no, never be it said
That fate itself cou'd awe the soul of Richard.

Hence babbling dreams, you threaten here in vain:
Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again:

Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse, away,
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Catesby, and Norfolk in disorder.

Cat. Rescue! rescue! My lord of Norfolk, haste,
The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger:

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death;

Nay, haste, my lord—the day's against us.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Richard and Ratcliff.

Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.

Rat. This way, this way, my lord—below yon thicket
Stands a swift horse—away, ruin pursues us;
Withdraw, my lord, for only flight can save you.

Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die;
I think there be six Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Richard, and Richmond meeting.

Rich. Of one, or both of us the time is come.

Richm. Kind Heav'n, I thank thee, for my cause is thine;
If Richard's fit to live, let Richmond fall.

Rich. Thy gallant-bearing, Harry, I could plaud,
But that the spotted rebel stains the soldier.

Richm.

Richm. Nor shou'd thy prowess, Richard, want my praise.
But that thy cruel deeds have stamp't thee tyrant.

So thrive my sword, as Heav'n's high vengeance draws it.

Rich. My soul and body on the action both.

Richm. A dreadful lay——here's to decide it.

[*Fight; Richard falls.*

Rich. Perdition catch thy arm——the chance is thine.

But oh! the vast renown thou hast acquir'd

In conquering Richard, does afflict him more

Than ev'n his body's parting with its soul.

Now let the world no longer be a stage

To feed contention in a lingering act;

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain

Reign in all bosoms; that each heart being set

On bloody actions, the rude scene may end,

And darkness be the burier of the dead.

[*Dies.*

Richm. Farewel, Richard, and from thy dreadful end

May future kings from tyranny be warn'd:

Had thy aspiring soul but stirr'd in virtue,

With half the spirit it has dar'd in evil,

How might thy fame have grac'd our English annals?

But as thou art, how fair a page thou'lt blotted——

Hark! the glad trumpets speak the field our own.

Richard the Third.

YOUNG CAPE.

PR'YTHEE, go about thy business——Vanish, dear devil.

Devil. Master bid me not come without the proof; he says as how there are two other answers ready for the press, and if your's don't come out a Saturday, 'twon't pay for the paper; but you are always so lazy: I have more plague with you——There's Mr. Guzzle, the translator, never keeps

keeps me a minute—unless the poor gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape. Why, you little sooty, sniv'ling, diabolical puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the stupidity of your absurd master, but I must be pester'd with your impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence?——Marry, come up, I keep as good company as your worship every day in the year——There's Master Clench, in Little Britain, does not think it beneath him to take part of a pot of porter with me, tho' he has wrote two volumes of lives in quarto, and has a folio coming out in numbers.

Cape. Hark'e, firrah, if you don't quit the room this instant, I'll shew you a shorter way into the street than the stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the trouble——Give me the French book that you took the story from, for the last Journal.

Cape. Take it—— [*Throws it at him.*]

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the circulating library, or that it is one of your own performances? that you——

Cape. You shall have a larger—[*Exit Devil.*] 'Sdeath! a pretty situation I am in! And are these the fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious, and expensive——

Re-enter Devil.

Devil. I had like to have forgot; here's your week's pay for the newspaper, five and fivepence; which, with the two and a penny master pass'd his word for to Mrs. Suds your washerwoman, makes the three half-crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the table.

Devil. Here's a man on the stairs wants you; by the sheepishness of his looks, and the shabbiness of his dress, he's either a pick-pocket or poet——Here, walk in, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um, the gentleman's at home.

[*Surveys the figure, laughs, and exit.*]

Enter

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your name, I presume, is Cape.

Cape. You have hit it, sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg pardon; you are a gentleman that writes?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, sir, my case, in a word, is this: I, like you, have long been a retainer of the muses, as you may see by their livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope?

Poet. No, sir, but their upper servants, the bookfellers, have.—I printed a collection of jests upon my own account, and they have ever since refus'd to employ me; you, Sir, I hear are in their graces. Now I have brought you, Sir, three imitations of Juvenal in prose: Tully's oration for Milo, in blank verse; two essays on the British herring-fishery, with a large collection of rebusses; which if you will dispose of to them, in your own name, we'll divide the profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, sorry for your distress; but I have a larger cargo of my own manufacturing than they chuse to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the compiling, or index way, that you wou'd intrust to the care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half price:

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my power at present to be useful to you; but if this trifle——

Poet. Sir, your servant. Shall I leave you any of my——

Cape. By no means.

Poet. An essay, or ode?

Cape. Not a line.

Poet. Your very obedient.——

[*Exit Poet.*]

Cape. Poor fellow! and how far am I removed from his condition? Virgil had his Pollio; Horace, his Mezenas; Martial, his Pliny. My protectors are Title-page, the publisher; Vamp, the bookfeller; and Index, the printer.

printer. A most noble triumvirate; and the rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary as the famous Roman one, into the bargain.

Enter Sprightly.

Spri. What! in soliloquy, George—reciting some of the pleasantries, I suppose, in your new piece?

Cape. My disposition has, at present, very little of the *vis comica*.

Spri. What's the matter?

Cape. Survey that mass of wealth upon the table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a week.

Spri. Why, 'tis an inexhaustible mine!

Cape. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the soft civility of Billingsgate, by a printer's prime minister, call'd a Devil.

Spri. I met the imp upon the stairs. But I thought these midwives to the muses were the idolizers of you, their favourite sons.

Cape. Our tyrants! Tom. Had I indeed a posthumous piece of infidelity, or an amorous novel, decorated with luscious copperplates, the slaves would be civil enough.

Spri. Why don't you publish your own works?

Cape. What! and paper my room with 'em! no, no, that will never do; there are secrets in all trades; our's is one great mystery, but the explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your attention to some other object?

Cape. That subject was employing my thoughts.

Spri. How have you resolved?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two strings to my bow; if my comedy succeeds, it buys me a commission; if my mistress, my Laura, proves kind, I am settled for life; but if both my cords snap—adieu to the quill, and welcome the musket.

Spri. Heroically determined!—But à-propos—how proceeds your honourable passion?

G

Cape:

Cape. But slowly.—I believe I have a friend in her heart, but a most potent enemy in her head: you know I am poor, and she is prudent. With regard to her fortune too, I believe her brother's consent essentially necessary—But you promised to make me acquainted with him?

Spri. I expect him here every instant. He may, George, be useful to you in more than one capacity; if your comedy is not crouded, he is a character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible figure in it.

Cape. His sister gave me a sketch of him last summer.

Spri. A sketch can never convey him. His peculiarities require infinite labour and high finishing.

Cape. Give me the outlines.

Spri. He is a compound of contrarieties; pride and meanness, folly and archness; at the same time that he wou'd take the wall of a prince of the blood, he wou'd not scruple eating a fry'd sausage at the Mew's-gate. There is a minuteness, now and then, in his descriptions, and some whimsical, unaccountable turns in his conversation, that are entertaining enough: but the extravagance and oddity of his manner, and the boast of his birth, compleat his character.

Cape. But how will a person of his pride and pedigree relish the humility of this apartment?

Spri. Oh, he is prepar'd—You are, George, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstract being, odd and whimsical; the case with all you great geniuses: you love the snug, the chimney-corner of life; and retire to this obscure nook merely to avoid the importunity of the great.

Cape. Your servant—But what attraction can a character of this kind have for Mr. Cadwallader?

Spri. Infinite! next to a peer, he honours a poet; and modesty imputes his not making a figure in the learned world, himself, to the neglect of his education—hush! he's on the stairs—on with your cap, and open your book. Remember great dignity and absence.

Enter

Enter VAMP.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. Vamp!—Your commands, good sir?

Vamp. I have a word, Master Cape, for your private ear.

Cape. You may communicate; this gentleman is a friend.

Vamp. An author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what way?

Cape. Universal.

Vamp. Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good subscription, I reckon?

Cape. Not a month from Leyden; an admirable theologist! he study'd it in Germany. If you should want such a thing now, as ten or dozen manuscript sermons, by a deceas'd clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted originals.

Vamp. No, no; I don't deal in the sermon way now; I lost money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a methodist; but I believe, sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a chap.

Spri. For what, sir?

Vamp. The manuscript sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote!

Vamp. Ay, ay; Master Cape has been telling me——

Spri. He has! I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep counsel; old Vamp had not kept a shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret: why, in the year fifteen, when I was in the treasonable way, I never squeak'd; I never gave up but one author in my life, and he was dying of a consumption, so it never came to a trial.

Spri. Indeed!

Vamp. Never——look here [*Shows the side of his head.*] cropt close!——bare as a board!——and for nothing in

the world but an innocent book of bawdry, as I hope for mercy. Oh! the laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

Spri. You have given me, sir, so positive a proof of your secrecy, that you may rely upon my communication.

Vamp. You will be safe——But gadso! we must mind business, tho'—Here, Master Cape, you must provide me with three taking titles for these pamphlets; and if you can think of a pat Latin motto for the largest——

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like women, Master Cape; to strike, they must be well dress'd; fine feathers make fine birds: a good paper, an elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, has drove many a dull treatise thro' three editions——Did you know Harry Handy?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty fellow; he had his Latin *ad anguem*, as they say: he would have turn'd you a fable

of Dryden's, or an epistle of Pope's, into Latin verse in a twinkling. Except Peter Hasty, the voyage-writer, he was a great loss to the trade as any within my memory.

Cape. What carry'd him off?

Vamp. A halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, Master Cape. I thought there was something the matter by his not coming to our shop for a month, or two: he was a pretty fellow.

Spri. Were you a great loser by his death?

Vamp. I can't say——as he had taken to another course of living, his execution made a noise; it sold me seven hundred of his translations, besides his last dying speech and confession; I got it; he was mindful of his friends in his last moments: he was a pretty fellow.

Cape. You have no farther commands, Mr. Vamp?

Vamp. Not at present; about the spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a couple of volumes in octavo.

Spri. Upon what subject?

Vamp.

Vamp. I'll leave that to him ; Master Cape knows what will do, tho' novels are a pretty light summer reading, and do very well at Tunbridge, Bristol, and other watering places : no bad commodity for the West-India trade, neither.—Let 'em be novels, Master Cape.

Cape. You shall be certainly supply'd.

Vamp. I doubt not. Pray, how does Index go on with your Journal?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the time—but you have overstock'd the market. Title-page and I had once lik'd to have engaged in a paper. We had got a young Cantab for the essays ; a pretty historian from Aberdeen ; and an attorney's clerk for the true intelligence ; but I don't know how, it drop'd for want of a politician.

Cape. If in that capacity I can be of any——

Vamp. No, thank you, Master Cape ; in half a year's time, I have a grandson of my own that will come in ; he's now in training as a waiter at the Cocoa-tree Coffee-house ; I intend giving him the run of Jonathan's for three months, to understand trade and the funds ; and then I'll start him——No, no, you have enough on your hands ; stick to your business ; and, d've hear ! 'ware clipping and coining ; remember Harry Handy ; he was a pretty fellow !

Author.

OROONOKO.

YOU say you are
A friend to my misfortunes : that's a name
Will teach you what you owe yourself and me.
Blandford. I'll study to deserve to be your friend.
When once our noble governor arrives,
With him you will not need my interest :

He is too generous not to feel your wrongs.
But be assur'd I will employ my pow'r,
And find the means to send you home again.

Oro. I thank you, fir——My honest, wretched friends!
Their chains are heavy: they have hardly found [*Sighing.*
So kind a master. May I ask you, fir,
What is become of them? Perhaps I should not.
You will forgive a stranger.

Blan. I'll enquire,
And use my best endeavours, where they are,
To have them gently us'd.

Oro. Once more I thank you.
You offer every cordial that can keep
My hopes alive, to wait a better day.
What friendly care can do, you have apply'd:
But, oh! I have a grief admits no cure.

Blan. You do not know, fir——

Oro. Can you raise the dead?
Pursue and overtake the wings of time,
And bring about again the hours, the days,
The years that made me happy?

Blan. That is not to be done.

Oro. No, there is nothing to be done for me.

[*Kneeling, and kissing the earth.*

Thou god ador'd! thou ever-glorious sun!
If she be yet on earth, send me a beam
Of thy all-seeing pow'r to light me to her;
Or, if thy sister goddess has preferr'd
Her beauty to the skies, to be a star,
Oh, tell me where she shines, that I may stand
Whole nights, and gaze upon her!

Blan. I am rude, and interrupt you.

Oro. I am troublesome:
But, pray, give me your pardon. My swoln heart
Bursts out its passage, and I must complain,
(Oh, can you think of nothing dearer to me?
Dearer than liberty, my country, friends,

Much

Much dearer than my life?) that I have lost
The tender'st, best belov'd, and loving wife!

Blan. Alas! I pity you.

Oro. Do pity me:

Pity's akin to love; and every thought
Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.
I would be pity'd here.

Blan. I dare not ask

More than you please to tell me: but if you
Think it convenient to let me know
Your story, I dare promise you to bear
A part in your distress, if not assist you.

Oro. Thou honest-hearted man! I wanted such,
Just such a friend as thou art, that would sit
Still as the night, and let me talk whole days
Of my Imoinda. Oh, I'll tell thee all,
From first to last! and, pray, observe me well.

Blan. I will, most heedfully.

Oro. There was a stranger in my father's court,
Valu'd and honour'd much. He was a white,
The first I ever saw of your complexion.
He chang'd his god for our's, and so grew great;
Of many virtues, and so fam'd in arms,
He still commanded all my father's wars.
I was bred under him. One fatal day,
The armies joining, he before me stepp'd,
Receiving in his breast a poison'd dart
Levell'd at me. He dy'd within my arms.—
I've tir'd you already.

Blan. Pray go on.

Oro. He left an only daughter, whom he brought
An infant to Angola. When I came
Back to the court, a happy conqueror,
Humanity oblig'd me to condole
With this sad virgin, for a father's loss;
Lost for my safety. I presented her
With all the slaves of battle, to atone

Her

Her father's ghost. But, when I saw her face,
And heard her speak, I offer'd up myself
To be the sacrifice. She bow'd and blush'd,
I wonder'd and ador'd. The sacred pow'r
That had subdu'd me, then inspir'd my tongue,
Inclin'd her heart, and all our talk was love.

Blan. Then you were happy.

Oro. Oh, I was too happy!

I marry'd her; and, though my country's custom
Indulg'd the privilege of many wives,
I swore myself never to know but her:
She grew with child, and I grew happier still.
Her fatal beauty reach'd my father's ears;
He sent for her to court, where, cursed court!
No woman comes but for his amorous use.
He raging to possess her, she was forc'd
To own herself my wife. The furious king
Started at incest; but grown desperate,
Not daring to enjoy what he desir'd,
In mad revenge (which I could never learn)
He poison'd her, or sent her far, far off,
Far from my hopes ever to see her more!

Blan. Most barbarous of fathers! The sad tale
Has struck me dumb with wonder.

Oro. I have done.

I'll trouble you no farther. Now and then
A sigh will have its way; that shall be all.

Enter Stanmore.

Stan. Blandford, the Lieutenant-governor is gone to
your plantation. He desires you would bring the royal
slave with you. The sight of his fair mistress, he says,
is an entertainment for a prince. He would have his opi-
nion of her.

Oro. Is he a lover?

Blan. So he says himself: he flatters a beautiful slave
that I have, and calls her mistress.

Oro. Must he then flatter her to call her mistress?
I pity the proud man, who thinks himself

Above

Above being in love. What, tho' she be a slave,
She may deserve him.

Blan. You shall judge of that when you see her, fir.

Oro. I go with you.

Oroonoko.

ABOAN.

HE speaks you very fair.

Oro. He means me fair.

Abo. If he should not, my lord?

Oro. If he should not!

I'll not suspect his truth: but, if I did,
What shall I get by doubting?

Abo. You secure

Not to be disappointed: but, besides,

There's this advantage in following him;

When you put off the hopes of other men,

You will rely upon your godlike self;

And then you may be sure of liberty.

Oro. Be sure of liberty! what dost thou mean;

Advising to rely upon myself?

I think I may be sure on't: we must wait;

'Tis worth a little patience.

[Turning to Imoinda]

Abo. Oh, my lord!

Oro. What dost thou drive at?

Abo. Sir, another time

You would have found it sooner: but I see

Love has your heart, and takes up all your thoughts.

Oro. And canst thou blame me?

Abo. Sir, I must not blame you.

But, as our fortune stands, there is a passion

(Your pardon, royal mistress, I must speak)

That would become you better than your love:

A brave resentment; which, inspir'd by you,

Might

Might kindle and diffuse a gen'rous rage
Among the slaves, to rouse and shake our chains,
And struggle to be free.

Oro. How can we help ourselves?

Abo. I knew you when you would have found a way:
How help ourselves! the very Indians teach us:

We need but to attempt our liberty,
And we carry it. We have hands sufficient,
Double the number of our masters' force,
Ready to be employ'd. We want but you,
To head our enterprize, and bid us strike.

Oro. What would you do?

Abo. Cut our oppressors' throats.

Oro. And you would have me join in your design of

Abo. It deserves a better name: [murder!

But, be it what it will, 'tis justify'd
By self-defence, and natural liberty.

Oro. I'll hear no more on't.

Abo. I am sorry for't.

Oro. Nor shall you think of it!

Abo. Not think of it!

Oro. No, I command you not.

Abo. Remember, sir,

Your are a slave yourself, and to command
Is now another's right. Not think of it!
Since the first moment they put on my chains,
I've thought on nothing but the weight of 'em,
And how to throw 'em off. Can your's sit easy?

Oro. I have a sense of my condition,
As painful, and as quick, as your's can be.
I feel for my Imoinda and myself;
Imoinda, much the tenderest part of me:
But though I languish for my liberty,
I would not buy it at the Christian price
Of black ingratitude: they sha'not say,
That we deserv'd our fortune by our crimes.
Murder the innocent!

Abo.

Ab. The innocent!

Oro. These men are so, whom you would rise against;
If we are slaves, they did not make us slaves;
But bought us in an honest way of trade:
As we have done before 'em, bought and sold
Many a wretch, and never thought it wrong.
I do not tamely say, that we should bear
All they could lay upon us: but we find
The load so light, so little to be felt,
(Considering they have us in their pow'r,
And may inflict what grievance they please)
We ought not to complain.

Ab. My royal lord!

You do not know the heavy grievances,
The ~~coils~~, the labours, weary drudgeries,
Which they impose; burdens more fit for beasts,
For senseless beasts to bear, than thinking men.
That if you saw the bloody cruelties
They execute on every slight offence;
Nay, sometimes in their proud, insulting sport,
How worse than dogs they lash their fellow-creatures,
Your heart would bleed for 'em. Oh, could you know
How many wretches lift their hands and eyes
To you for their relief!

Oro. I pity 'em,
And wish I could with honesty do more.

Ab. You must do more, and may, with honesty.
Oh, royal sir, remember who you are;
A prince, born for the good of other men;
Whose god-like office is to draw the sword
Against oppression, and set free mankind:
And this I'm sure you think oppression now.
What though you have not felt these miseries,
Never believe you are obliged to them;
They have their selfish reasons, may be, now,
For using of you well; but there will come
A time when you must have your share of 'em.

Oro.

Oro. You see how little cause I have to think so;
Favour'd in my own person, in my friends;
Indulg'd in all that can concern my care,
In my Imoinda's soft society. [Embracing her.]

Abo. And therefore would you lie contented down,
In the forgetfulness and arms of love,
To get young princes for 'em?

Oro. Say'st thou! ha!

Abo. Princes, the heirs of empire, and the last
Of your illustrious lineage, to be born
To pamper up their pride, and be their slaves?

Oro. Imoinda! save me, save me from that thought
Shall the dear babe, the eldest of my hopes,
Whom I begot a prince, be born a slave?
The treasure of this temple was design'd
T' enrich a kingdom's fortune; shall it here
Be seiz'd upon by vile, unhallow'd hands,
To be employ'd in uses most profane?

Abo. In most unworthy use; think of that;
And, while you may, prevent it.
I know you are persuaded to believe
The governor's arrival will prevent
These mischiefs, and bestow your liberty;
But who is sure of that? I rather fear
More mischiefs from his coming. He is young,
Luxurious, passionate, and amorous;
Such a complexion, and made bold by pow'r,
To countenance all he is prone to do,
Will know no bounds, no law against his lusts.
If, in a fit of his intemperance,
With a strong hand he shall resolve to seize,
And force my royal mistress from your arms,
How can you help yourself?

Oro. Ha! thou hast rous'd
The lion in his den; he stalks abroad,
And the wide forest trembles at his roar.
I find the danger now. My spirits start

At the alarm, and from all quarters come
To man my heart, the citadel of love.—
Is there a pow'r on earth to force you from me,
And shall I not resist it?

Oh, you were born always to conquer me.
Now I am fashion'd to thy purpose; speak,
What combination, what conspiracy,
Would'st thou engage me in? I'll undertake
All thou would'st have me now for liberty,
For the great cause of love and liberty.

Abo. Now, my great master, you appear yourself.
And, since we have you join'd in our design,
It cannot fail us. I have muster'd up
The choicest slaves, men who are sensible
Of their condition, and seem most resolv'd:
They have their several parties.

Oro. Summon 'em,
Assemble 'em, I will come forth and shew
Myself among 'em: if they are resolv'd,
I'll lead their foremost resolutions.

Abo. I have provided those will follow you.

Oro. With this reserve in our proceedings still,
The means that lead us to our liberty
Must not be bloody.

Oroonoko.

Oroonoko alone.

FORGET! forgive! I must indeed forget,
When I forgive: but while I am a man,
In flesh that bears the living marks of shame,
The print of his dishonourable chains,
My memory still rousing up my wrongs,
I never can forgive this Governor,

H

Tad.

This villain; the disgrace of trust and place,
 And just contempt of delegated power.
 What shall I do? if I declare myself
 I know him, he will sneak behind his guard
 Of followers, and brave me in his fears.
 Else, lion-like, with my devouring rage,
 I would rush on him, fasten on his throat,
 Tear a wide passage to his treacherous heart,
 And that way lay him open to the world. [Pausing.
 If I should turn his Christian arts on him,
 Promise him, speak him fair, flatter and creep
 With fawning steps, to get within his faith,
 I could betray him then, as he has me.
 But am I sure by that to right myself?
 Lying's a certain mark of cowardice;
 And, when the tongue forgets its honesty,
 The heart and hand may drop their functions too,
 And nothing worthy be resolv'd or done.
 Let me but find out
 An honest remedy, I have the hand,
 A minist'ring hand, that will apply it home.

O'Connell.

SHARP.

HOW, sir, shall you be married to-morrow? Eh? I'm
 afraid you joke with your poor humble servant.

Gay. I tell thee, Sharp, last night Melissa consented,
 and fixed to-morrow for the happy day.

Sharp. 'Tis well she did, sir, or it might have been a
 dreadful one for us in our present condition; all our mo-
 ney spent; your moveables sold; your honour almost ruin-
 ed, and your humble servant almost starved; we could not
 possibly have stood it two days longer—but if this young
 lady

lady will marry you and relieve us, o' my conscience I'll turn friend to the sex, rail no more at matrimony, but curse the whores, and think of a wife myself.

Gay. And yet, Sharp, when I think how I have imposed upon her, I am almost resolv'd to throw myself at her feet; tell her the real situation of my affairs, ask her pardon, and implore her pity.

Sharp. After marriage, with all my heart, sir; but don't let your conscience and honour so far get the better of your poverty and good sense, as to rely on so great uncertainties as a fine lady's mercy and good-nature.

Gay. I know her generous temper; and am almost persuaded to rely upon it; what! because I am poor, shall I abandon my honour?

Sharp. Yes, you must, sir, or abandon me: so pray, discharge one of us; for eat I must, and speedily too; and you know very well that that honour of yours will neither introduce you to a great man's table, nor get me credit for a single beef-steak.

Gay. What can I do?

Sharp. Nothing, while honour sticks in your throat: do, gulp, master, and down with it.

Gay. Pr'ythee, leave me to my thoughts.

Sharp. Leave you! no, not in such bad company, I'll assure you! why you must certainly be a very great philosopher, sir, to moralize and declaim so charmingly as you do, about honour and conscience, when your doors are beset with bailiffs, and not one single guinea in your pocket to bribe the villains.

Gay. Don't be witty, and give your advice, sirrah!

Sharp. Do you be wise, and take it, sir. But to be serious; you certainly have spent your fortune, and outliv'd your credit, as your pocket and belly can testify: your father has disown'd you; all your friends forsook you, except myself, who am starving with you. Now, sir, if you marry this young lady, who as yet, thank Heaven,

H 2

knows

Knows nothing of your misfortunes, and by that mean procure a better fortune than that you squander'd away, make a good husband, and turn œconomist; you still may be happy, may still be Sir William's heir, and the lady no loser by the bargain: there's reason and argument, sir.

Gay. 'Twas with that prospect I first made love to her; and though my fortune has been ill spent, I have at least, purchased discretion with it.

Sharp. Pray then convince me of that, sir, and make no more objections to the marriage. You see I am reduced to my waistcoat, already; and when necessity has undress'd me from top to toe, she must begin with you; and we shall be forced to keep house, and die by inches. Look you, sir, if you won't resolve to take my advice, while you have one coat to your back, I must e'en take to my heels while I have strength to run, and something to cover me: so sir, wishing you much comfort and resolution with your bare conscience, I am your most obedient and half-starv'd friend and servant. [Going.]

Gay. Hold, Sharp; you won't leave me?

Sharp. I must eat, sir; by my honour and appetite I must!

Gay. Well then, I am resolv'd to favour the cheat; and as I shall quite change my former course of life, happy may be the consequences: at least, of this I am sure—

Sharp. That you can't be worse than you are at present.

Gay. [A knocking without.]—Who's there?

Sharp. Some of your former good friends, who favour'd you with money at fifty per cent, and helped you to spend it; and are now become daily memento's to you of the folly of trusting rogues, following whores, and laughing at my advice.

Gay. Cease your impertinence! to the door! if they are duns, tell 'em my marriage is now certainly fix'd, and persuade 'em still to forbear a few days longer, and keep my circumstances a secret for their sakes as well as my own.

Sharp.

Sharp. O, never fear it, sir; they still have so much friendship for you, not to desire your ruin to their own disadvantage.

Gay. And do you hear, Sharp, if it shou'd be any body from Melissa, say I am not at home, lest the bad appearance we make here should make 'em suspect something to our disadvantage.

Sharp. I'll obey you, sir:—But I am afraid they will easily discover the consumptive situation of our affairs by my chop-fallen countenance. *[Exit Sharp.]*

Gay. These very rascals, who are now continually dunning and persecuting me, were the very persons who led me to my ruin, partook of my prosperity, and profess'd the greatest friendship.

Sharp. *[Without.]* Upon my word, Mrs. Kitty, my master's not at home.

Kitty. *[Without.]* Look'ee, Sharp, I must and will see him!

Gay. Ha, what do I hear? Melissa's maid! what has brought her here? my poverty has made her my enemy too—she is certainly come with no good intent—no friendship there without fees—she's coming up stairs. What must I do?—I'll get into this closet and listen.

[Exit Gay left.]

Enter Sharp and Kitty.

Kitty. I must know where he is; and will know too, Mr. Impertinence.

Sharp. Not of me you won't *[Aside.]* He's not within; I tell you, Mrs. Kitty; I don't know myself—do you think I can conjure?

Kitty. But I know you will lye abominably; therefore don't trifle with me. I come from my mistress Melissa; you know, I suppose, what's to be done to-morrow morning?

Sharp. Ay and to-morrow night too, girl!

Kitty. Not if I can help it. *[Aside.]* But come, where is your master? for see him I must.

Sharp. Pray, Mrs. Kitty, what's your opinion of this match between my master and your mistress?

Kitty. Why I have no opinion of it all; and yet most of our wants will be relieved by it too: for instance now, your master will get a fortune, that's what I am afraid he wants; my mistress will get a husband, that's what she has wanted for some time—you will have the pleasure of my conversation, and I an opportunity of breaking your head for your impertinence.

Sharp. Madam, I'm your most humble servant! but I'll tell you what, Mrs. Kitty, I am positively against the match; for, was I a man of my master's fortune——

Kitty. You'd marry if you cou'd and mend it. Ha, ha, ha! pray, Sharp, where does your master's estate lye?

Gay. O the devil! what a question was there! [*Aside.*

Sharp. Lye, lye, why it lyes—faith, I can't name any particular place, it lyes in so many—his effects are divided some here, some there; his steward hardly knows himself.

Kitty. Scatter'd, scatter'd, I suppose. But hark'ee, Sharp, what's become of your furniture? you seem to be a little bare here at present.

Gay. What has she found out that too? [*Aside.*

Sharp. Why, you must know, as soon as the wedding was fix'd, my master order'd me to remove his goods into a friend's house, to make room for a ball which he designs to give here the day after the marriage.

Kitty. The luckiest thing in the world! for my mistress designs to have a ball and entertainment here to-night before the marriage; and that's my business with your master.

Sharp. The devil it is! [*Aside.*

Kitty. She'll not have it public, she designs to invite only eight or ten couple of friends.

Sharp. No more?

Kitty. No more—and she order'd me to desire your master not to make a great entertainment.

Sharp. O, never fear——

Kitty. Ten or a dozen little nice things, with some fruit, I believe, will be enough in all conscience.

Sharp.

Sharp. O, curse your conscience! [*Aside.*]

Kitty. And what do you think I have done on my own head?

Sharp. What?

Kitty. I have invited all my lord Stately's servants to come and see you, and have a dance in the kitchen—won't your master be surpris'd?

Sharp. Much so, indeed!

Kitty. Well, be quick and find out your master, and make what haste you can with your preparations—you have no time to lose—Pr'ythee, Sharp, what is the matter with you! I have not seen you for some time, and you seem to look a little thin.

Sharp. O, my unfortunate face! [*Aside.*] I'm in pure good health, thank you, Mrs. Kitty; and I'll assure you, I have a very good stomach, never better in all my life; and I'm as full of vigour, hussey! [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Kitty. What with that face! well bye, bye—[*Going.*]
—O, Sharp! what ill-looking fellows are those were standing about your door when I came in? they want your master, too, I suppose.

Sharp. Hum! yes, they are waiting for him.—They are some of his tenants out of the country, they want to pay him some money.

Kitty. Tenants! what do you let his tenants stand in the street?

Sharp. They chuse it; as they seldom come to town, they are willing to see as much of it as they can, when they do; they are raw, ignorant, honest people.

Kitty. Well, I must run home; farewell! but do you hear? get some thing substantial for us in the kitchen—a ham, a turkey, or what you will—we'll be very merry; and be sure to remove the tables and chairs away there too, that we may have room to dance—I can't bear to be confined in my French dances; tal, lal, lal, [*Dancing.*] Well, adieu! without any compliment. I shall die if I don't see you soon.

[*Exit Kitty.*]

Sharp.

Sharp. And without any compliment, I pray Heaven you may.

Enter Gayless.

[They look for some time sorrowful at each other.]

Gay. O, Sharp!

Sharp. O, master!

Gay. We are certainly undone!

Sharp. That's no news to me!

Gay. Eight or ten couple of dancers—Ten or a dozen little nice dishes, with some fruit—My Lord Stately's servants, ham and turkey!

Sharp. Say no more; the very sound creates an appetite—and I am sure of late I have had no occasion for whetters and provocatives.

Gay. Curs'd misfortune! what can we do?

Sharp. Hang ourselves; I see no other remedy; except you have a receipt to give a ball and supper without meat or music.

Gay. Melissa has certainly heard of my bad circumstances, and has invented this scheme to distress me, and break off the match.

Sharp. I don't believe it, sir; begging your pardon.

Gay. No! why did her maid then make so strict enquiry into my fortune and affairs?

Sharp. For two very substantial reasons; the first to satisfy her curiosity, natural to her as a woman; the second to have the pleasure of my conversation, very natural to her as a woman of taste and understanding.

Gay. Pr'ythee be more serious—Is not all at stake?

Sharp. Yes, sir—and yet that all of ours is of so little consequence, that a man, with a very small share of philosophy, may part from it without much pain or uneasiness. However, sir, I'll convince you in half an hour, that Mrs. Melissa knows nothing of your circumstances; and I'll tell you what too, sir, she shan't be here to-night, and yet you shall marry her to-morrow morning.

Gay. How, how, dear Sharp!

Sharp.

Sharp. 'Tis here, here, fir! warm, warm, and delays will cool it; therefore I'll away to her, and do you be as merry as love and poverty will permit you.

“ Would you succeed, a faithful friend depute,

“ Whose head can plan, and front can execute.”

I am the man, and I hope you neither dispute my friendship or qualification.

Gay. Indeed, I don't.—Pr'ythee be gone.

Sharp. I fly.

Lying Vakt.

GAYLESS.

PR'YTHEE, be serious, *Sharp.* Hast thou really succeeded?

Sharp. To our wishes, fir. In short I have managed the business with such skill and dexterity, that neither your circumstances nor my veracity are suspected.

Gay. But how hast thou excused me from the ball and entertainment?

Sharp. Beyond expectation, fir—But in that particular I was obliged to have recourse to the truth, and declare the real situation of your affairs. I told her we had so long disused ourselves to dressing either dinners or suppers that I was afraid we should be but awkward in our preparations. In short, fir, at that instant, a cursed gnawing seized my stomach, that I could not help telling her, that both you and myself seldom make a good meal, now-a-days, once in a quarter of a year.

Gay. Hell and confusion, have you betray'd me, villain! Did you not tell me this moment, she did not in the least suspect my circumstances?

Sharp. No more she did, fir, till I told her.

Gay. Very well; and was this your skill and dexterity?

Sharp.

Sharp. I was going to tell you; but you won't hear reason. My melancholy face and piteous narration had such an effect upon her generous bowels, that she freely forgives all that's past.

Gay. Does she, *Sharp*?

Sharp. Yes; and desires never to see your face again; and, as a farther consideration for so doing, she has sent you half-a-guinea.

[*Shows the money.*]

Gay. What do you mean?

Sharp. To spend it, spend it, sir; and regale.

Gay. Villain, you have undone us!

Sharp. What, by bringing you money, when you are not worth a farthing in the whole world? Well, well, then to make you happy again, I'll keep it myself; and wish somebody would take in their head to load me with such misfortunes.

[*Puts up the money.*]

Gay. Do you laugh at me, rascal!

Sharp. Who deserves more to be laugh'd at? Ha, ha, ha! never for the future, sir, dispute the success of my negotiations, when even you, who know me so well, can't help swallowing my hook. Why, sir, I could have play'd with you backwards and forwards at the end of my line, till I had put your senses into such a fermentation, that you should not have known in an hour's time whether you was a fish or a man.

Gay. Why, what is all this you have been telling me?

Sharp. A downright lie from beginning to end.

Gay. And have you really excused me to her?

Sharp. No, sir; but I have got this half guinea to make her excuses to you; and, instead of a confederacy between you and me, to deceive her, she thinks she has brought me over to put the deceit upon you.

Gay. Thou excellent fellow!

Sharp. Don't lose time, but slip out of the house immediately; the back way, I believe, will be the safest for you; and to her as fast as you can; pretend vast surprize and concern, that her indisposition has debar'd you the pleasure

pleasure of her company here to-night: you need know no more; away!

Gay. But what shall we do, Sharp? here's her maid again.

Sharp. The devil she is—I wish I could poison her: for, I'm sure, while she lives I can never prosper.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Your door was open, so I did not stand upon ceremony.

Gay. I am sorry to hear your mistress is taken ill so suddenly.

Kitty. Vapours, vapours only, sir; a few matrimonial omens, that's all; but I suppose Mr. Sharp has made her excuses.

Gay. And tells me I can't have the pleasure of her company to-night. I had made a small preparation; but 'tis no matter—Sharp shall go to the rest of the company and let them know 'tis put off.

Kitty. Not for the world, sir; my mistress was sensible you must have provided for her, and the rest of the company; so she is resolved, though she can't, the other ladies and gentlemen shall partake of your entertainment; she's very good-natur'd.

Sharp. I had better run, and let 'em know 'tis deferr'd.

[Going.]

Kitty. *[Stopping him.]* I have been with 'em already, and told 'em my mistress insists upon their coming, and they have all promised to be here; so pray don't be under any apprehensions, that your preparations will be thrown away.

Gay. But as I can't have her company, Mrs. Kitty, 'twill be a greater pleasure to me, and a greater compliment to her, to defer our mirth; besides, I can't enjoy any thing at present, and she not partake of it.

Kitty. O, no, to be sure; but what can I do? My mistress will have it so, and Mrs. Gadabout, and the rest of
the

the company will be here in a few minutes; there are two or three coachfulls of 'em.

Sharp. Then my master must be ruin'd in spite of my parts. [*Aside.*]

Gay. [*Aside to Sharp.*] 'Tis all over, Sharp.

Sharp. I know it, fir.

Gay. I shall go distracted! what shall I do?

Sharp. Why, fir, as our rooms are a little out of furniture at present, take 'em into the captain's that lodges here, and set 'em down to cards; if he should come in the mean time, I'll excuse you to him.

Kitty. I have disconcerted their affairs, I find; I'll have some sport with 'em—Pray, Mr. Gayless, don't order too many things, they only make you a friendly visit; the more ceremony, you know, the less welcome. Pray, fir, let me entreat you not to be profuse. If I can be of service, pray command me; my mistress has sent me on purpose; while Mr. Sharp is doing the business without doors, I may be employed within; if you'll lend me the keys of your sideboard, [*To Sharp*] I'll dispose of your plate to the best advantage.

Sharp. Thank you, Mrs. Kitty; but it is dispos'd of already. [*Aside*] [*Knocking at the door.*]

Kitty. Bless me, the company's come! I'll go to the door, and conduct 'em into your presence. [*Exit.*]

Sharp. If you'd conduct 'em into a horse-pond, and wait of 'em there yourself, we should be more obliged to you.

Gay. I can never support this!

Sharp. Rouze your spirits, and put on an air of gaiety, and I don't despair of bringing you off yet.

Gay. Your words have done it effectually.

Lying Valet.

OVERTURE.

ORESTES.

O Pylades! what's life without a friend!
 At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up;
 My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me,
 After an absence of six tedious months,
 How cou'd I hope to find my Pylades,
 My joy, my comfort! on this fatal shore!
 E'en in the court of Pyrrhus! in these realms,
 These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes.
 Oh, my brave friend! may no blind stroke of fate
 Divide us more, and tear me from myself.

Pyl. O prince! O my Orestes! O my friend—
 Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart. [*Embracing.*
 Since I have gain'd this unexpected meeting,
 Blest be the powers who barr'd my way to Greece,
 And kept me here! e'er since th' unhappy day,
 When warring winds (Epirus full in view)
 Sunder'd our barks on the loud stormy main.

Orest. It was, indeed, a morning full of horror!

Pyl. A thousand boding cares have rack'd my soul
 In your behalf. Often with tears I mourn'd
 The fatal ills in which your life's involv'd,
 And grudg'd you dangers which I could not share.
 I fear'd to what extremes the black despair
 That prey'd upon your mind, might have betray'd you;
 And lest the gods, in pity to your woes,
 Shou'd hear your prayers, and take the life you loath'd:
 But now with joy I see you!—The retinue
 And num'rous followers that surround you here,
 Speak better fortunes, and a mind dispos'd
 To relish life.

Orest. Alas, my friend! who knows
 The destiny to which I stand reserv'd!
 I come in search of an inhuman fair;
 And live or die as the decrees my fate,

Pyl. You much surprise me, prince!—I thought you
Of your unpity'd unsuccessful passion. [cut'd

Why, in Epirus, shou'd you hope to find
Hermione less cruel than at Sparta?
I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner
In which she treated all your constant suff'rings,
Had broke your fetters, and assur'd your freedom:
Asham'd of your repulse and slighted vows,
You hated her; you talk'd of her no more.
Prince, you deceiv'd me!

Orest. I deceiv'd myself.

Do not upbraid th' unhappy man that loves thee.
Thou knowest I never hid my passion from thee:
Thou saw'st it in its birth, and in its progress.
And when at last the hoary king her father,
Great Menelaus, gave away his daughter,
His lovely daughter, to the happy Pyrrhus,
Th' avenger of his wrongs, thou saw'st my grief,
My torture, my despair, and how I drag'd,
From sea to sea, a heavy chain of woes.
O Pylades! my heart has bled within me,
To see thee press'd with sorrows not thy own,
Still wand'ring with me, like a banish'd man!
Watchful, and anxious for thy wretch'd friend,
To temper the wild transports of my mind,
And save me from myself.

Pyl. Why thus unkind!

Why will you envy me the pleasing task
Of gen'rous love and sympathizing friendship?

Orest. Thou miracle of truth!—but hear me on.
When, in the midst of my disastrous fate,
I thought how the divine Hermione,
Deaf to my vows, regardless of my plaints,
Gave up herself, in all her charms, to Pyrrhus,
Thou may'st remember, I abhor'd her name,
Strove to forget her, and repay her scorn.
I made my friends, and e'en myself, believe

My

My soul was freed. Alas! I did not see
 That all the malice of my heart was love.
 Triumphant thus, and yet a captive still,
 In Greece I landed; and in Greece I found
 Th' assembled princes all alarm'd with fears,
 In which their common safety seem'd concern'd.
 I join'd them; for I hop'd that war and glory
 Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts;
 And that my shatter'd soul, impair'd with grief,
 Once more would reassume its wonted vigour,
 And ev'ry idle passion quit my breast.

Pyl. The thought was worthy Agamemnon's son.

Orest. But see the strange perverseness of my stars,
 Which throws me on the rock I strove to shun!
 The jealous chiefs, and all the states of Greece,
 With one united voice complain of Pyrrhus;
 That now, forgetful of the promise given,
 And mindless of his godlike father's fate,
 Astyanax he nurses in his court;
 Astyanax, the young surviving hope
 Of ruin'd Troy; Astyanax, descended
 From a long race of kings; great Hector's son.

Pyl. A name still dreadful in the ears of Greece!
 But, prince, you'll cease to wonder why the child
 Lives thus protected in the court of Pyrrhus,
 When you shall hear the bright Andromache,
 His lovely captive, charms him from his purpose:
 The mother's beauty guards the helpless son.

Orest. Your tale confirms what I have heard; and hence
 Spring all my hopes. Since my proud rival wooes
 Another partner to his throne and bed,
 Hermione may still be mine. Her father,
 The injur'd Menelaus, thinks already
 His daughter slighted, and the intended nuptials
 Too long delay'd. I heard his loud complaints
 With secret pleasure; and was glad to find
 Th' ungrateful maid neglected in her turn,
 And all my wrongs reveng'd in her disgrace.

Pyl. Oh! may you keep your just resentments warm!

Orest. Resentments! Oh, my friend, too soon I found
They grew not out of hatred! I'm betray'd:
I practise on myself, and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by love,
I canvass'd all the suffrages of Greece;
And here I come, their sworn ambassador,
To speak their jealousies, and claim this boy.

Pyl. Pyrrhus will treat your embassy with scorn.
Full of Achilles, his redoubted fire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headstrong, fierce;
Made up with passions: will he, then, be sway'd,
And give to death the son of her he loves?

Orest. Oh, would he render up Hermione,
And keep Aftyanax, I should be blest.
He must; he shall: Hermione's my life,
My soul, my rapture!—I'll no longer curb
The strong desire that hurries me to madness;
I'll give loose to love; I'll bear her hence:
I'll tear her from his arms; I'll—Oh, ye gods!
Give me Hermione, or let me die!—
But tell me, Pylades; how stand my hopes?
Is Pyrrhus still enamour'd with her charms?
Or dost thou think he'll yield me up the prize,
The dear, dear prize, which he has ravish'd from me?

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond hope so far:
The king, indeed, cold to the Spartan princess,
Turns all his passion to Andromache,
Hector's afflicted widow: but in vain,
With interwoven love and rage, he sues
The charming captive, obstinately cruel.
Oft he alarms her for her child, confin'd
Apart; and when her tears begin to flow,
As soon he stops them, and recalls his threats.
Hermione a thousand times has seen
His ill-requited vows return to her,
And take his indignation all for love.

What

What can be gather'd from a man so various ?
 He may, in the disorder of his soul,
 Wed her he hates, and punish her he loves.

Orest. But tell me how the wrong'd Hermione
 Brooks her slow nuptials and dishonour'd charms.

Pyl. Hermione would fain be thought to scorn
 Her wav'ring lover, and disdain his falshood ;
 But, spite of all her pride, and conscious beauty,
 She mourns in secret her neglected charms ;
 And oft has made me privy to her tears :
 Still threatens to be gone ; yet still stays ;
 And sometimes sighs, and wishes for Orestes :

Orest. Ah ! were those wishes from her heart, my friend,
 I'd fly in transport——

[*Flourish within.*]

Pyl. Hear !——The king approaches
 To give you audience. Speak your embassy
 Without reserve : urge the demands of Greece ;
 And, in the name of all her kings, require
 That Hector's son be giv'n into your hands.
 Pyrrhus, instead of granting what they ask,
 To speed his love, and win the Trojan dame,
 Will make it merit to preserve her son.——
 But see ; he comes.

Orest. Mean while, my Pylades,
 Go, and dispose Hermione to see
 Her lover, who has come thus far, to throw
 Himself in all his sorrows, at her feet.

Distress'd Mother.

ORESTES.

AM I awake ? Where am I ? Soft my soul ;
 Be not so rash.—Was that Hermione ?
 Why should her anger thunder against me ?

Was not this blood shed all by her command?—

I am, indeed, a most outrageous monster!

A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!

And all to please a false, ungrateful woman.

Henceforward, let the laws of nations cease;

And let the pale, that severs right and wrong,

Things sacred and profane, be broken down;

Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,

Are not in safety, while Orestes lives.

Oh, never more shall my torn mind be heal'd,

Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose!

A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,

And lay strong siege to my distracted soul.

Enter Pylades, attended by Greeks.

Pyl. Haste, prince; let us be gone; 'tis death to stay.

Andromache reigns queen; she gives th' alarm,

And vows revenge upon the foes of Pyrrhus.

The people arm and muster in the streets;

Our Greeks will not be able long to guard

The palace gates, and to secure our flight.

We must be speedy, sir.

Orest. You may depart,

My friends—Hermione and I remain—

Her cruelty has quite undone me!—Go,

And leave me to myself—I'll find her out.

Pyl. Alas! unhappy prince!—She's no more!

Forget her, sir, and save yourself with us.

Orest. Hermione no more!—O all ye powers!

Pyl. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,

With hands expanded, and dishevell'd hair,

Breathless and pale, with shrieks she sought the temple;

In the mid-way she met the corpse of Pyrrhus;

She started at the sight; then, stiff with horror,

Gaz'd frightful! Waken'd from the dire amaze,

She rais'd her eyes to Heav'n, with such a look,

As spoke her sorrows, and reproach'd the gods;

Then plung'd a poniard deep within her breast,

And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death.

Orest.

Orest. I thank you, gods—I never could expect
To be so wretched!—You have been industrious
To finish your decrees; to make Orestes
A dreadful instance of your power to punish;
I'm singled out to bear the wrath of Heaven.

Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays;
The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
Are vain, and may be fatal.

Orest. True, my friend;
And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous gods.
My fate's accomplish'd!—I shall die content.
Oh bear me hence!—Blow, winds!—

Pyl. Let us be gone.

Orest. The murder'd lovers wait me—Hark, they call!
Nay, if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine,
One tomb will hold us all.

Pyl. Alas! I fear
His ravings will return with his misfortunes. [nefs!

Orest. I'm dizzy!—Clouds!—Quite lost in utter dark-
Guide me, some friendly pilot, through the storm.
I shiver! Oh, I freeze!—So—Light returns;
'Tis the grey dawn—See, Pylades! Behold!—
I am encompass'd with a sea of blood!—
The crimson billows!—Oh! my brain's on fire!

Pyl. How is it, sir?—Repose yourself on me. [glares!

Orest. Pyrrhus, stand off! What wou'dst thou? How he
What envious hand has clos'd thy wounds?—Have at thee.
It is Hermione that strikes—Confusion!
She catches Pyrrhus in her arms.—Oh, save me!
How terrible she looks!—She knits her brow;
She frowns me dead; she frights me into madness!
Where am I?—Who are you?

Pyl. Alas, poor prince!
Help to support him. How he pants for breath!

Orest. This is most kind, my Pylades.—Oh, why,
Why was I born to give thee endless trouble?

Pyl. All will go well; he settles into reason.

Orest.

Orest. Who talks of reason? Better to have none,
 Than not enough.—Run, some one, tell my Greeks
 I will not have 'em touch the king.—Now!—Now
 I blaze again!—See there!—Look where come,
 A shoal of furies! How they swarm about me!
 My terror!—Hide me—Oh, their snaky locks!
 Hark! how they hiss!—See, see their flaming brands!—
 Now they let drive full at me!—How they grin,
 And shake their iron whips!—My ears!—What yelling!
 And see Hermione!—She sets them on!—
 Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom!
 Oh!—I am stung to death! Dispatch me soon!
 There—Take my heart, Hermione!—Tear it out!
 Disjoint!—kill me!—Oh, my tortur'd soul!—

Pyl. Kind Heav'n, restore him to his wonted calm!
 Oft have I seen him rave; but never thus.
 Quite spent! Assist me, friends, to bear him off.
 Our time is short. Should his strong rage return,
 'Twould be beyond our power to force him hence.
 Away, my friends—I hear the portal open.

Distress'd Mother.

Sir WILLIAM.

YOU came from Mr. Capias?

Shift. I did, sir.

Sir Will. Your name, I think, is Shift?

Shift. It is, sir.

Sir Will. Did Mr. Capias drop any hint of my business with you?

Shift. None. He only said, with his spectacles on his nose, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William Wealthy is a respectable personage, and my client; he wants to retain you in a certain affair, and will open the case, and give you your brief himself; if you adhere to his
 instruc-

instructions, and carry your cause, he is generous, and will discharge your bill without taxation.

Sir Will. Ha, ha! my friend Capias to a hair! Well, fir, this is no bad specimen of your abilities—But see that the door is fast—Now, fir, you are to——

Shift. A moment's pause, if you please—You must know, Sir William, I am a prodigious admirer of forms. Now, Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule to administer a retaining fee before you enter into the merits.

Sir Will. O, fir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I question'd your generosity; but forms, you know——

Sir Will. No apology, I beg—But as we are to have a closer connexion, it may not be amiss, by way of introduction, to understand one another a little.—Pray, fir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Will. Hum!——And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. What was you bred?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. How do you live?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Will. Cou'd nothing induce you to unbofom yourself?

Shift. Look'ee, Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a *je ne ſçai quoi* in your manner, that I will unlock: you shall see me all.

Sir Will. You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations; who from a Taylor made a Pope, from a gin-shop an Empress, and many a Prime Minister from nothing at all, has thought fit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of Light your Honour—a Link Boy.

Sir

Sir Will. A pleasant fellow——Who were your parents?

Shift. I was produced, fir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the newspapers, between an illustrious lamplighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher——Cat's meat and dog's meat——I dare say, you have heard my mother, fir. But as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me——in the street.

Sir Will. Proceed.

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a school, which has produced many a great man; the avenues of the playhouse. There, fir, leaning on my extinguish'd link, I learn'd dexterity from pickpockets, connivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise, from their masters. Here, firrah, light me across the kennel—I hope your honour will remember poor Jack—You ragged rascal, I have no halfpence—I'll pay you the next time I see you.—But, lack-a-day, fir, that time I saw as seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir Will. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the theatre, I must add one that I obtain'd within.

Sir Will. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, fir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me—A detachment from the head quarters here took possession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by sweeping the stage and clipping the candles. There my skill and address were so conspicuous, that it procur'd me the same office, the ensuing winter, at Drury-Lane, where I acquir'd intrepidity, the crown of all my virtues.

Sir Will. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my post—For I think, fir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments.

Sir

Sir Will. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unluckly crab apple, applied to my right eye, by a patriot gingerbread baker from the borough, who wou'd not suffer three dancers from Switzerland, because he hated the French, forc'd me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir Will. Poor devil!

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the same. But, as it happen'd, like a tennis-ball, I rose higher from the rebound.

Sir Will. How so?

Shift. My misfortune, fir, mov'd the compassion of one of our performers, a whimsical man, he took me into his service. To him I owe, what, I believe, will make me useful to you.

Sir Will. Explain.

Shift. Why, fir, my master was remarkably happy in an art which, however disesteem'd at present, is, by Tully, reckon'd amongst the perfections of an orator—Mimickry.

Sir Will. Why, you are deeply read, Mr. Shift.

Shift. A smattering—But as I was saying, fir, nothing came amiss to my master: bipeds or quadrupeds; rationals or animals; from the clamour of the bar, to the cackle of a barn door; from the soporific twang of the Tabernacle of Tottenham-Court, to the melodious bray of their long-ear'd brethren in Bunhill-fields; all were objects of his imitation and my attention. In a word, fir, for two whole years, under this professor, I study'd and starv'd, impoverish'd my body and pamper'd my mind; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

Sir Will. You have been successful, I hope.

Shift. Pretty well. I can't complain. My art, fir, is a *passé-par-tout*. I seldom want employment. Let's see; how stand my engagements?—[Pulls out a pocket-book.]—Hum,—hum,—Oh! Wednesday at Mrs. Gamut's, near

near Hanover Square; there I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her Ladyship is in the Opera interest; but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Suffinuto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre in Fleet Street. Friday I am to give the amorous parly of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarfop's, near the Monument. So, sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir Will. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall be no loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir Will. You can be secret as well as serviceable?

Shift. Mute as a mackrel.

Sir Will. Come hither then. If you betray me to my son——

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir Will. Enough. You must know then, the hopes of our family are, Mr. Shift, center'd in one boy.

Shift. And I warrant he is a hopeful one.

Sir Will. No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad these four years, and from his late behaviour, I have reason to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I am afraid he wished—my death——

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir Will. Nay, pray,—there would soon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy indeed. But families, like be-foms, will wear to the stumps, and finally fret out, as you say.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee, peace for five minutes.

Shift. I am tongue-tyed.

Sir Will. Now I have projected a scheme to prevent this calamity.

Shift.

Shift. Ay, I should be glad to hear that.

Sir Will. I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir Will. George, as I have contriv'd it, shall experience all the misery of real ruin without running the least risque.

Shift. Ay, that will be a *coup de maître*.

Sir Will. I have prevail'd upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen——

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir Will. I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir Will. My brother, I say, some time since wrote him a circumstantial account of my death; upon which he is returned, in full expectation of succeeding to my estate.

Shift. Immediately?

Sir Will. No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I understand you.

Sir Will. Now, sir, guessing into what hands my heedless boy would naturally fall, on his return, I have, in a feigned character, associated myself with a set of rascals, who will spread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himself reduced to the last extremity; lost, even to the most distant hope——

Shift. What then?

Sir Will. Then will I step in, like his guardian angel, and snatch him from perdition. If, mortify'd by misery, he becomes conscious of his errors, I have sav'd my son; but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will cast him out, as an alien to my blood, and trust for the support of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely resolv'd. But what part am I to sustain in this drama?

Sir Will. Why, George, you are to know, is already
K Script

script of what money he could command, by two sharpeners: but as I never trust them out of my sight, they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your sight!

Sir Will. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot; an adept in their science, can slip, shuffle, cog, or cut, with the best of 'em.

Shift. How do you escape your son's notice?

Sir Will. His firm persuasion of my death, with the extravagance of my disguise. Why, I wou'd engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the baron. But of that by and by. He has recourse, after his ill success, to the ten per cent. gentry, the usurers, for a farther supply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir Will. Pray do you know—I forget his name—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He sits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's coffeeshouse; and every evening, from five till eight, under the clock at the Temple Exchange.

Shift. What, little Transfer, the broker?

Sir Will. The same. Do you know him?

Shift. Know him! Aye, rot him. It was but last Easter Tuesday he had me turn'd out, at a feast in Leathersellers' Hall, for singing *Room for Cuckolds*, like a parrot; and vow'd it meant a reflection upon the whole Body Corporate.

Sir Will. You have reason to remember him.

Shift. Have not you something of more consequence for me?

Sir Will. I have. Cou'd not you, Master Shift, assume another shape? You have attended auctions?

Shift. Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery; a professed connoisseur, from a Niger to a Nautilus; from the Apollo Belvidere to a Butterfly.

Sir Will. One of these insinuating, oily orators, I will get you to personate! for we must have the plate and jewels in our possession, or they will fall into other hands.

Shift.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Will. Within I'll give you farther instructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Will. [*Going, returns.*] You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my dress I can be furnished with in five minutes. [*Exit Sir Will.*] A whimsical old blade this. I shall laugh if this scheme miscarries. I have a strange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater—Pho, a damn'd unnatural connection this of mine?—What have I to do with fathers and guardians! a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleasure themselves, and the blasters of it in others—Mere dogs in a manger—No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter plot. But hold, hold, hold, friend Stephen, see first how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germaniz'd genius has parts to comprehend, or spirit to reward thy merit? There's danger in that, ay, marry, is there. 'Egad, before I shift the helm, I'll first examine the coast; and then, if there be but a bold shore and a good bottom, have a care, old Square Toes; you will meet with your match.

Music.

Mrs. Cole, supported by Loader and Dick.

GENTLY, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rosy this morning! I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her; she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs. Cole. Fye, Mr. Loader; I thought you had forgot me.

Load. I forget you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

K 2

Mrs. Cole

Mrs. Cole. Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't seen your honour the—Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge—

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. My old disorder, the rheumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of—Oh la! what, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. Cole. And never once called upon old Cole.—No, no, I am worn out, thrown by, and forgotten, like a tatter'd garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep; never known the comforts of a new birth; no,—There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home still. What, shall we see you this evening? I have kept the Green Room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What, shall we take a snap at old Moll's? Hey, Beldam, have you a good batch of Burgundy abroad?

Mrs. Cole. Bright as a ruby; and for flavour!—You know the Colonel—He and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy share?

Mrs. Cole. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earn'd thirty shillings a-day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry: but now, O laud, a thimble-ful turns me topsy-turvey.

Load. Poor old girl!

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities; my thoughts are fix'd upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl, from Rosemary Lane. Ha, ha! Well, 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!—But she'll mend; her time is not come: all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no.—Oh!

Sir

Sir Geo. Not worse, I hope.

Mrs. Cole. Rack, rack, ghaw, gnaw, never easy, abed
or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary
or mint water in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. Cole. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a
dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, Mrs. Cole. Fetch 'em,
you blockhead. [Exit Dick.]

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I am a going; a wasting and a wasting.

Sir George. What will become of the house when I am
gone, Heaven knows.—No.—When people are mis'd,
then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I liv'd in the
Garden, comfortably and creditably; and though I say
it, could have got bail any hour of the day: reputable
tradesmen, Sir George; neighbours, Mr. Loader knows;
no knock-me-down doings in my house. A set of regu-
lar, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did
I say—Ay, eighteen years have I paid scot and lot in the
parish of St. Paul, and during the whole time nobody
have said, Mrs. Cole, why do you so? Unless twice that
I was before Sir Thomas De Val, and three times in the
round house.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep, Mrs. Cole.

Load. May I lose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old
Moll does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs. Cole. However, it is a comfort, after all, to think
one has pass'd through the world with credit and character.
Ay, a good name, as Mr. Squintum says, is better than
a gallipot of ointment.

Enter Dick with a dram.

Load. Come haste, Dick haste; sorrow is dry. Here,
Moll, shall I fill thee a bumper?

Mrs. Cole. Hold, hold, Mr. Loader! Heaven help
you; I could as soon swallow the Thames. Only a sip, to
keep the gout out of my stomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is
superfluum.—Speak when you have enough.

Mrs. Cole. I won't trouble you for the glass ; my hands do so tremble and shake, I shall but spill the good creature.

Load. Well pull'd. But now to business. Pr'ythee, Moll, did not I see a tight young wench in a linen gown knock at your door this morning ?

Mrs. Cole. Ay ; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening ?

Mrs. Cole. Impossible ! She is engaged to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earnest for her these three months.

Load. Pho, what signifies such a fellow as that ! Tip him an old trader, and give her to the Knight.

Mrs. Cole. Tip him an old trader !—Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader ?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turn'd her brains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a most happy reformation.

Mrs. Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There had I been tossing in a sea of sin, without rudder or compass. And had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I must have struck against the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite swallowed up in the whirlpool of despair. He was the precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling. But however, Sir George, if your mind be set upon a young country thing, to-morrow night I believe I can furnish you.

Load. As how ?

Mrs. Cole. I have advertised this morning, in the register-office, for servants under seventeen ; and ten to one but I light on something that will do.

Load. Pillory me, but it has a face.

Mrs. Cole. Truly, consistently with my conscience, I would do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs. Cole, never lose sight of that monitor. But pray, how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you ?

Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Ever since my last visitation of the gout. Upon my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have my doubts and my waverings ; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and nobody to shew me the road. One time I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us : but it would not do.

Sir Geo. Why not ?

Mrs. Cole. I went one summer over to Boulogne to repent ; and, would you believe it, the bare-footed, bald-pated beggars would not give absolution, without I quitted my business—Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby—Besides, I could not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender, young things—Oh, fix of them, for a season, would finish my business here, and then I should have nothing to do, but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country !

Sir Geo. Oh, scandalous !

Mrs. Cole. O no, it would not do. So in my last illness, I was wish'd to Mr. Squintum, who stept in with his saving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became, as you see, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Mr. Transfer, sir, has sent to know if your honour is at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Cole, I am mortify'd to part with you. But business you know—

Mrs. Cole. True, Sir George. Mr. Loader, your arm.—Gently, oh, oh !

Sir Geo. Would you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole ?

Mrs. Cole. Not a drop.—I shall see you this evening.

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs. Cole. To morrow I hope to suit you.—We are to have, at the Tabernacle, an occasional hymn, with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery : after which I shall
call

call at the Register Office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Or if that should not do, I have a tid bit at home will suit your stomach. Never brush'd by a beard. Well, Heaven bless you.—Softly; have a care, Mr. Loader.—Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently—so, so!

Minor.

FANNY.

PLEASE your honour, you were so kind as to say you would remember my fellow travellers for their trouble; and they think I have gotten the money.

Mervin. Oh, here! give them this—[*Gives her money*] and for you, my dear little pilot, you have brought me through my business, and I must—[*kisses her.*]

Fanny. Oh, lord!—your honour—Pray don't—kiss me again. [*Mervin kisses her again.*]

Mervin. Again and again—There's a thought come into my head—Theodosia will certainly have no objection to putting on the dress of a sister of mine.—So, and so only, we may escape to-night—This girl, for a little money, will provide us with necessaries.

Fanny. Dear gracious! I warrant you, now, I am as red as my petticoat; why would you royster and rowzel one so?—If Ralph was to see you, he'd be as jealous as the vengeance.

Mervin. Hang Ralph! never mind him—There's a guinea for thee.

Fanny. What, a golden guinea?—

Mervin. Yes; and if thou art a good girl, and do as I desire thee, thou shalt have twenty.

Fanny.

Fanny. Ay, but not all gold.

Mervin. As good as that is.

Fanny. Shall I though, if I does as you bids me?

Mervin. You shall.

Fanny. Precious heart, he's a sweet gentleman!—Icod
I have a great mind——

Mervin. What are you thinking about?

Fanny. Thinking your honour? Ha! ha! ha!

Mervin. Indeed, so merry!

Fanny. I don't know what I am thinking about, not
I—ha, ha, ha! Twenty guineas!

Mervin. I tell thee thou shalt have them.

Fanny. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mervin. By Heaven! I am serious.

Fanny. Ha, ha, ha!—Why then I'll do whatever your
honour pleases.

Mervin. Stay here a little to see that all keeps quiet,
you'll find me presently at the mill, where we'll talk
further.

AIR.

Yes, 'tis decreed, thou maid divine!

I must, I will possess thee.

Oh, what delight within my arms to press thee!

To kiss, and call thee mine!

Let me this only bliss enjoy;

That ne'er can waste, that ne'er can cloy;

All other pleasures I resign.

Why should we dally;

Stand shilly shally:

Let fortune smile or frown?

Love will attend us;

Love will befriend us;

And all our wishes crown.

[Exit.

Fanny. What a dear kind soul he is—Here comes
Ralph—I can tell him, unless he makes me his lawful
wife, as he has often said he would, the devil a word
more shall he speak to me.

Enter

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. So, Fan, where's the Gentleman?

Fanny. How should I know where he is; what do you ask me for?

Ralph. There's no harm in putting a civil question, be there? why you look as cross and ill-natur'd——

Fanny. Well, mayhap I do—and mayhap I have where-withal for it——

Ralph. Why, has the gentleman offered any thing un-civil? Ecod, I'd try a bout as soon as look at him.

Fanny. He offer?—no he's a gentleman every inch of him: but you are sensible, Ralph, you have been promising me, a great while, this, and that, and t'other, and, when all comes to all, I don't see but you are like the rest of them.

Ralph. Why, what is it I have promised?

Fanny. To marry me in the church, you have a hundred times.

Ralph. And mayhap I will, if you'll have patience.

Fanny. Patience me no patience; you may do it now, if you please.

Ralph. Well, but suppose I don't please? I tell you, Fan, you're a fool, and want to quarrel with your bread and butter; I have had anger enow from feyther already upon your account, and you want me to come by more. As I said, if you have patience, mayhap things may fall out, and mayhap not.

Fanny. With all my heart, then; and now I know your mind, you may go hang yourself.

Ralph. Ay, ay.

Fanny. Yes, you may—who cares for you?

Ralph. Well, and who cares for you, an you go to—that?

Fanny. A menial feller—Go mind your mill and your drudgery; I don't think you worthy to wipe my shoes, feller.

Ralph. Nay, but Fan, keep a civil tongue in your head.

head: odds flesh! I would fain know what fly bites all of a sudden now.

Fanny. Marry come up, the best gentlemen's sons in the country have made me proffers; and, if one is a miss, be a miss to a gentleman, I say, that will give one fine cloaths, and take one to see the show, and put money in one's pocket——

Ralph. Whu, whu—[*he whistles, and she hits him a slap.*] what's that for?

Fanny. What do you whistle for, then? Do you think I am a dog?

Ralph. Never from me, Fan, if I have not a mind to give you, with this switch in my hand here, a good lacing——

Fanny. Touch me if you dare: touch me, and I'll swear my life against you.

Ralph. A murrain with her damn'd little fist as hard as she could draw.

Fanny. Well, it's good enough for you; I am not necessitated to take up with the impudence of such a low-liv'd monkey as you are—a gentleman's my friend, and I can have twenty guineas in my hand, all as good gold as that is.

Ralph. Belike from this Londoner, eh?

Fanny. Yes, from him—so you may take your promise of marriage; I don't value it that—[*spits*] and if you speak to me, I'll slap your chops again.

Air.

Lord, fir, you seem mighty uneasy;

But I the refusal can bear:

I warrant I shall not run crazy,

Nor die in a fit of despair.

If so you suppose, you're mistaken;

For, fir, for to let you to know,

I'm not such a maiden forsaken,

But I have two strings to my bow.

[*Exit Fanny.*
Ralph.]

Ralph. Indeed! Now I'll be judg'd by any soul living in the world, if ever there was a viler piece of treachery than this here; there is no such thing as a true friend upon the face of the globe, and so I have said a hundred times! a couple of base, deceitful—after all my love and kindness shewn. Well, I'll be reveng'd; see an I be'nt —Master Marvint, that's his name, an he do not sham it; he has come here and disguised unself; whereof 'tis contrary to law so to do: besides, I do partly know why he did it; and I'll fish out the whole conjuration, and go up to the castle and tell every syllable; a shan't carry a wench from me, were he twenty times the mon he is, and twenty times to that again; and moreover than so, the first time I meet un, I'll knock un down, tho'f 'twas before my lord himself; and he may capias me for it afterwards an he wull—

AIR.

As they count me such a ninny.
 So to let them rule the roast;
 I'll bet any one a guinea,
 They have scor'd without their host.
 For if I don't shew them in lieu of it,
 A trick that's fairly worth two of it,
 Why then let me pass for a fool and an ass.
 To be sure yon sly cajoler
 Thought the work as good as done,
 When he found the little stroller,
 Was so easy to be won.
 But if I don't shew him in lieu of it,
 A trick that fairly worth two of it,
 Why then let me pass for a fool or an ass.

Maid of the Mill.

SIR

SIR JOHN TROTLEY.

HOLD your tongue, Davy, you talk like a fool.

Davy. It is a fine place, your honour, and I cou'd liv here for ever!

Sir John. More shame for you:—live here for ever! —What a revolution since my time! the more I see, the more I've cause for lamentation; what a dreadful change has time brought about in twenty years! I shou'd not know the place again, nor the people; all the signs that made so noble an appearance, are all taken down;—not a bob or tye wig to be seen! all the degrees from the parade in St. James's-park, to the stool and brush at the corner of every street, have their hair tied up—the mason laying bricks, the baker with his basket, the post-boy crying newspapers, and the doctors prescribing phyfic, have all their hair tied up, and that's the reason so many heads are tied up every month.

Davy. And I shall have my head tied up to-morrow—Mr. Wisp will do it for me—Your honour and I look like Philistines among 'em.

Sir John. And I shall break your head if it's tied up; I hate innovation—All confusion, and no distinction!—The streets now are as smooth as a turnpike road: No rattling and exercise in hackney coaches:—Those who ride in 'em are all fast asleep; and they have strings in their hands that the coachman must pull to wake 'em when they are to be set down.—What luxury and abomination!

Davy. Is it so, your honour? 'feckins I like it hugely.

Sir John. But you must hate and detest London.

Davy. How can I manage that, your honour, when there is every thing to delight my eye, and cherish my heart?

Sir John. 'Tis all deceit and delusion.

Davy. Such crouding, coaching, carting, and squeez-
ing; such a power of fine sights, fine shops full of fine
L things;

things; and then such fine illuminations all of a row; and such fine dainty ladies in the streets, so civil, and so graceless—they talk of country girls! these look more rosy and healthy by half.

Sir John. Sirrah, they are prostitutes; and are civil to delude and destroy you. They are painted Jezebels; and they who hearken to 'em, like Jezebel of old, will go to the dogs: If you dare to look at 'em, you will be tainted; and if you speak to 'em, you are undone.

Davy. Bless us, bless us!—How does your honour know all this? Were they as bad in your time?

Sir John. Not by half, Davy.—In my time there was a sort of decency in the worst of women: But the harlots now watch like tigers for their prey, and drag you to their dens of infamy.—See, Davy, how they have torn my neckcloth. [*Shews his neckcloth.*]

Davy. If you had gone civilly, your honour, they would not have hurt you.

Sir John. Well, we'll get away as fast as we can.

Davy. Not this month, I hope; for I have not had half my bellyful yet.

Sir John. I'll knock you down, Davy, if you grow profligate: You shan't go out again to-night; and to-morrow keep in my room, and stay 'till I can look over my things, and see they don't cheat you.

Davy. Your honour then won't keep your word with me. [*Sulkily.*]

Sir John. Why, what did I promise you?

Davy. That I should take fixpen'orth at one of the theatres to-night, and a shilling place at the other to-morrow.

Sir John. Well, well, so I did: Is it a moral piece, Davy?

Davy. O yes, and written by a clergyman; it is called *The Rival Canaanites*, or the *Tragedy of Braggadocia*.

Sir John. Be a good lad, and I won't be worse than my word; there's money for you. [*gives him some.*]—But come straight home, for I shall want to go to bed.

Davy.

Davy. To be sure, your honour.—As I am to go so soon, I'll make a night of it. *[Aside and exit.]*

Sir John. This fellow would turn rake and macaroni, if he was to stay here a week longer—Bless me, what dangers are in this town at every step! O that I were once settled safe again at Trotley Place!—Nothing but to save my country should bring me back again—My niece, Lucretia, is so be-fashioned and be-deviled, that nothing, I fear, can save her. However, to ease my conscience I must try. But what can be expected from the young women of these times, but fallow looks, wild schemes, faucy words, and loose morals!—They lie abed all day, sit up all night. If they are silent, they are gaming, and if they talk, 'tis either scandal or infidelity; and that they may look like what they are, their heads are all feather, and round their necks are twisted rattlesnake tippets.—*O tempora, O mores!* *Bon Ton.*

SIR JOHN TROTLEY.

IF I stay in this place another day, it would throw me into a fever! Oh, I wish it was morning!—This comes of visiting my relations.

Enter Davy drunk, with his hair tied.

So you wicked wretch you!—where have you been, and what have you been doing?

Davy. Merry-making, your honour—London for ever!

Sir John. Did I not order you to come home from the play, and not be idling and raking about?

Davy. Servants don't do what they are bid in London.

Sir John. And did I not order you not to make a jackanapes of yourself, and tie your hair up like a monkey?—

Davy. And therefore I did—no pleasing the ladies without this—my lord's servants call you an old out-of-fashion codger, and have taught me what's what.

L. 2.

Sir John.

Sir John. Here's an imp of the devil! He is undone, will poison the whole country!

Davy. I'll do what I can, your honour.

Sir John. Sirrah, get every thing ready, I'll be going directly.

Davy. To bed, sir?—I want to go to bed myself, sir.

Sir John. Why, how now—you are drunk too, sirrah.

Davy. I am a little, your honour, because I have been drinking.

Sir John. That is not all—you have been in bad company, sirrah.

Davy. Indeed your honour's mistaken, I never kept such good company in all my life.

Sir John. The fellow does not understand me—Where have you been, you drunkard?

Davy. Drinking, to be sure, if I am a drunkard; and if you had been drinking too, as I have been, you would not be in such a passion with a body—it makes one so good-natur'd——

Sir John. This is another addition to my misfortunes! I shall have this fellow carry into the country as many vices as will corrupt the whole parish.

Davy. I'll take what I can, to be sure, your worship.

Sir John. Get away, you beast you, and sleep off the debauchery you have contracted this fortnight, or I shall leave you behind as a proper person to make one of his lordship's family.

Davy. So much the better—Give me more wages, less work, and the key of the ale cellar, and I am your servant—if not, provide yourself with another. [*Struts about.*]

Sir John. Here's a reprobate!—This is the completion of my misery—But hark'ee, villain—go to bed—and sleep off your iniquity; and then pack up the things, or I'll pack you off to Newgate, and transport you for life. [*Exit.*]

Davy. That for you, old codger—[*snaps his fingers.*]
I know the law better than to be frighten'd with moon-
shine! I wish that I was to live here all my days!—This

's life indeed! a servant lives up to his eyes in clover; they have wages, and board wages, and nothing to do but to grow fat and saucy.—They are as happy as their masters; they play for ever at cards, swear like emperors, drink like fishes, and go a wenching with as much ease and tranquillity as if they were going to a sermon! Oh, 'tis a fine life! [*Exit reeling.*] Bon Ton.

Young Cockney writing, Priscilla and Penelope seated at work.

YOUNG COCKNEY. (*comes forward.*)

COME, pray, ladies, go somewhere else with your work: Is not there the parlour for you, but you must bring your litter into the shop?—Who do you think can come into the shop, when you take up the room in this way?

Pen. I wish, brother, you would let us alone.

Pris. Ay! mind your figs, and your raisins, and your brown sugar, and let us alone, will you?—Now, Miss Penny, if you'll go in for your work basket, we will take out the canvas, and begin the flowers immediately.

Y. Cock. Come, Miss Prissy, get off that stool—I want to put it behind the counter.

Pris. I won't give it you.

Y. Cock. If you won't, miss, I'll call my papa, and see what he'll say to you.

Pris. There take your stool, you nasty, ugly, conceited, ill-natur'd—

[*Throws it at him.*]

Y. Cock. Look there now, did you ever see any thing so unmannerly, Miss Prissy? I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself;—but this is the breeding you got in the plantations.—You know you was turn'd out of Hackney boarding-school, for beating the governess, and knocking down the dancing-master—I believe you think

you have got among your blackamoors; but you are not among your blackamoors now, miss.

Pris. Indeed, Miss Penny, it's very hard he should invent such stories of me; if you'll believe me I never touch'd the governess in all my life.

Pen. Upon my word, I wish you would never come together; you are always fighting and squabbling.

Y. Cock. Then why does she play such tricks?

Pris. Then why do you ever come near me? I neither love you nor like you; nor never shall, that's more: I have told you so a hundred times.

Pen. I swear one would think you husband and wife already.

Pris. I his wife! I would as lief be married to the old cloaths man; indeed I should not like to be called Mrs. Cockney.

Y. Cock. Why not? Mrs. Cockney is as good a name as Miss Tomboy, I hope.

Pris. No, it is not as good a name.

Y. Cock. Yes, it is; but that's not as you please—that's as my Uncle Barnacle pleases; he is to be in town to-day, I can tell you that for your comfort; and see what he'll say to you about the boarding-school.

Pris. I don't care for him, nor you, nor the boarding-school neither.

Y. Cock. There, by gog and magog, she says she does not care for my Uncle Barnacle. By Jove, there's a rod in pickle for you, miss!

Pris. I tell you what, Master Watty, if you say much more, e'cod, I'll throw something at you.

Pen. Nay, nay, kifs and friends.

Pris. I won't kifs him.—I would spit in his face first.

Pen. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee.—

Pris. I will not, Miss Penny; he never lets me alone: But I'll tell his uncle Barnacle of him; and if he's not well thump'd for his impudence, I won't stay in the house, that's what I won't.

Y. Cock.

Y. Cock. Look there again now—Well, 'tis all over then ; I won't say nothing no more—See how she frowns—Lord, there's no such thing as jesting with you—I was not in earnest—I was not, upon my honour and credit.

Sings. Come, Miss Prissy, deal sincerely,
Faith and troth I love you dearly ;
Psha ! nay, never look so queerly,
But at once let's kiss and friends.
For the future we'll endeavour
To deserve each others favour,
Zooks, shake hands ! why now that's clever,
And here all our quarrel ends.

Ramp.

YOUNG COCKNEY.

O LA, papa ! here's my uncle Barnacle.

Old Cockney. Odso !—is he indeed ?—Brother, you are welcome to town. Son, Walter, run in, and desire your uncle's chamber to be got ready directly.

Barnacle. Stay, hold young man—Who do you belong to ?

Y. Cock. La ! why, don't you know me, uncle ? I am your nephew.

O. Cock. Ay—don't you know Watty—my son Walter ?

Bar. Why, this is not your son Walter ?

Y. Cock. Yes, but I am ; upon my honour and credit, uncle.

O. Cock. Upon your honour, firrah !—And who told you you had any honour ?—What has a shopkeeper to do with honour ?—I had no honour when I was a shopkeeper. I knew you were always a conceited idle young rascal—but who taught you to swear, and put all that flour and suet upon your head ?

Y. Cock. O lord, uncle, don't spoil my hair.

O. Cock. Don't, brother, don't—he's going among young ladies.

Bar.

Bar. He's going to the devil—but you had better not provoke me, brother, Nic. Cockney, you had better not provoke—I desire he may go and take off that coat and waistcoat directly.

O. Cock. Well, well, he shall—don't be in a passion.—Step in, child, and take off your things, do—there's a good boy.

Y. Cock. La, papa! upon my honour——

Bar. Again, firrah!—Bring his every day cloaths and his fustian sleeves here into the shop—I will have him strip before my face!

O. Cock. Go, child, and do as your uncle bids you.

[*Exit Y. Cock.*]

Bar. Upon my honour, indeed!—Why, Nic, I hear you are going to set up your coach, and marry your daughter to I don't know who.—Tradespeople are out of their senses now a-days;—no sooner are they a little above the world, but they must have a town house and country house; every night running junketting to gardens and playhouses; and, in a year or two, there is eighteen pence in the pound for their creditors.

Enter Young Cockney, with an apron on.

Y. Cock. Well, now, uncle.

Bar. Ay, now you are something like—but why a ruffled shirt?—I never wore a ruffled shirt but on a Sunday—and, come here—what's that I see at your knees, a pair of paste buckles? Why, firrah, you must rob the till, or go upon the highway, for all this—Give them me out directly—I will have 'em.

[*Y. Cock. gives them up.*]

Y. Cock. But you'll let me have them again, I hope?

Bar. No, I won't—and now let his frippery be sold at rag fair—I should like to see it swinging under an old cloathsman's penthouse.

[*Exit O. Cock.*]

Y. Cock. Pray, uncle, give me my buckles.

Bar. I will not, firrah!—and look at yonder door—how can you expect to have customers come into your shop, while you keep your door in such a condition?—

When

When I was 'prentice, the first thing I did every morning was to scrape the door—Here, Richard, have you never a shovel in the house?—Give him a shovel—(*Servant brings a shovel.*)—There, firrah, take this shovel, go to work—and when I come out again, let me see the steps clean enough to dine upon.

Sings. You silly old afs,
To come to this pass;
At fifty your follies begin you!
Art mad, or in drink?
For my part, I think
The Devil himself has got in you!

And you, Master Fop,
Go stick to your shop,
And shew yourself handy and willing:
Or else, do you see,
Take this much from me,
I'll cut you both off with a shilling.

[*Exit.*]
Y. Cock. I won't scrape the door; I wish I may be burn'd if I do—Here, Richard, give the shovel to the porter, and let him do it—To be set out in this trim before every body!—But I will get my coat and waistcoat again, that I will, and put them on in spite of him—My father expects he will leave us something in his will, and so he bears with him; but he shall not make a fool of me; no, no, I am too wise for that.

Romp.

SUBTLE.

WELL, well, that may be; but still I say that a Frenchman—

Claf. Is a fop; it is their natural disease; not one of the

the qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its origin to a foible; their taste is trifling—their gaiety, grimace—and their politeness, pride.

Sub. Hey-day! Why what the deuce brings you to Paris then?

Clas. A debt to friendship; not but I think a short residence here, a very necessary part in every man of fashion's education.

Sub. Where's the use?

Clas. In giving them a true relish for their own domestic happiness; a proper veneration for their national liberties; a contempt for adulation; and an honour for the extended generous commerce of their country.

Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, Master Classic; the traders here are a sharp set; cozening people; foreigners are their food; civilities with a—
Aye! aye! a congee for a crown, and a shrug for a shilling! devilish dear, Master Classic, devilish dear.

Clas. To avoid their exactions, we are, Mr. Subtle, recommended to your protection.

Sub. Aye! and wisely they did, who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my lady's recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your charge? Where was Mr. Buck last night? My lady made a party at cards on purpose for him, and my ward, Lucinda, is mightily taken with him; she longs to see him again.

Clas. I am afraid, with the same set his father sent him hither to avoid; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a taste for the gallantries of this court, and his passion for the lower amusements of ours will diminish of course.

Sub. All the fraternity of men-makers are for that purpose without; taylors, peruquiers, hatters, hosiers—
Is not that Mr. Buck's English servant?

Enter Roger.

Clas. O! aye, honest Roger. So, the old doings, Roger; what time did your master come home?

Rog. Between five and six, pummell'd to a jelly: Here
has

'has been two of his old comrades follow'd un already;
I count we shall ha' the whole gang in a se'ennight.

Clas. Comrades, who?

Rog. Dick Daylight, and Bob Breadbasket, the bruifers:
they all went to the shew together, where they had the
devil to pay; belike they had been sent to Bridewell,
hadn't a great gentleman in a blue string come by and re-
leas'd them.—I hear master's bell; do, Master Classic, step
up and talk to un; he's now sober, and may hearken to
reason.

Clas. I attend him.—Mr. Subtle, you won't be out of
the way? [Exit Classic.]

Sub. I shall talk a little with the tradesmen. A smoaky
fellow this Classic; but if Lucinda plays her cards well,
we have not much to fear from that quarter: contra-
diction seems to be the life and soul of young Buck.—A
tolerable expedition this, if it succeeds.—Fleece the
yunker!—P'shaw, that's a thing of course!—but by his
means to get rid of Lucinda, and securely pocket her pa-
trimony—aye! that indeed—

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Oh, wife! Have you open'd the plot? Does the girl come
into it greedily, hey?

Mrs. Sub. A little squeamish at first; but I have open'd
her eyes. Never fear, my dear, sooner or later women
will attend to their interest.

Sub. Their interest! aye, that's true; but consider,
my dear, how deeply one's own interest is concern'd, and
let that quicken your zeal.

Mrs. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the girl has
got such whimsical notions of honour, and is withal so
decent and modest: I wonder where the deuce she got it;
I am sure it was not in my house.

Sub. How does she like Buck's person?

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But pr'ythee, husband, leave
her to my management, and consider we have more irons
in the fire than one. Here is the Marquis de Soleil to
meet

meet Madam de Farde to-night—and where to put 'em unless we can have Buck's apartment—Oh! by the bye, has Count Cog sent you your share out of Mr. Puntwell's losings a Thursday?

Sub. I intend calling on him this morning.

Mrs. Sub. Don't fail! He's a slippery chap you know.

Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty countrywoman lays about her handsomely; Ha!—Hearts by hundreds!—Hum!

Mrs. Sub. Ay! that's a noble prize, if we could but manage her; but she's so indiscreet, that she'll be blown before we have made half our market. I am this morning to give audience, on her score, to two counts and a foreign minister.

Sub. Then strike whilst the iron's hot: but they'll be here before I can talk to my people; send 'em in pr'ythee.

Enter Tradesmen.

So, gentlemen—O! hush! we are interrupted: if they ask for your bills, you have left them at home.

Enter Buck, Classic, and Roger.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun.—Oh! Master Subtle, how do'st, old buck, hey? Give's thy paw! And little Lucy, how fares it with she?—Hum!

Sub. What has been the matter, squire? Your face seems a little in dishabille.

Buck. A touch of the times, old boy! a small skirmish; after I was down tho' a set of cowardly sons of—there's George, and I will box any five for their sum.

Sub. But how happen'd it? The French are generally civil to strangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall seven or eight upon three; seven or eight! Ecod, we had the whole house upon us at last.

Sub. But what had you done?

Buck. Done! why nothing at all! But, wounds! how the powder flew about, and the monsieurs scour'd!

Sub.

Sub. But what offence had either they or you committed?

Buck. Why I was telling Domine: last night, Dick Daylight, Bob Breadbasket, and I, were walking through one of their rues, I think they call them here, they are streets in London; but they have such devilish out-of-the-way names for things, that there is no remembering them; so we see crowds of people going into a house, and Comedy pasted over the door: and in we trooped with the rest, paid our cash, and sat down on the stage; presently they had a dance; and one of the young women with long hair trailing behind her, stood with her back to a rail, just by me: ecod, what does me! for nothing in the world but a joke, as I hope for mercy, but ties her locks to the rail; so when 'twas her turn to figure out, souse she flapp'd on her back; 'twas devilish comical, but they set up such an uproar: one whey-fac'd son of a bitch, that came to loose the woman, turn'd up his nose, and call'd me *bête*——Ecod, I lent him a lick in his lantern jaws, that will make him remember the spawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him: another came up to second him, but I let drive at the mark, made the soup-maigre rumble in his bread-basket, and laid him sprawling; then in pour'd a million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happen'd after, I know no more than you.—But where's Lucy? I'll go see her.

Claf. Oh, fye! ladies are treated here with a little more ceremony. Mr. Subtle, too, has collected these people, who are to equip you for the conversation of the ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all these!—What, Mr. Subtle, these are monsieurs, too, I suppose?

Sub. No, 'squire, they are Englishmen. Fashion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but foreigners at home, you must take up with your own countrymen here.

M

Claf.

Claf. It is not in this instance alone we are particular, Mr. Subtle; I have observ'd many of our pretty gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native language here, sputter nothing but bad French in the side-boxes at home.

Buck. Look you, sir, as to you and your wife, and Miss Lucy, I like you all well enough; but the devil a good thing have I seen since I lost sight of Dover; the men are all puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning: the women a parcel of painted dolls; their food's not fit for hogs; and as for their language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't; no, nor your frippery neither—So here you may all march to the place from whence you—Harkee? What are you an Englishman?

Barber. Yes, sir.

Buck. Domine! Look here, what a monster the monkey has made of himself? Sirrah! if your string was long enough, I'd do your business myself, you dog, to sink a bold Briton into such a sneaking, snivelling—the rascal looks as if he had not had a piece of beef and pudding in his paunch these twenty years; I'll be hang'd if the rogue han't been fed upon frogs ever since he came over. Away with your trumpery!

Claf. Mr. Buck, a compliance with the customs of the country in which we live, where neither our religion or morals are concern'd, is a duty we owe ourselves.

Sub. Besides, 'squire, Lucinda expects that you should usher her to public places; which it would be impossible to do in that dress.

Buck. Why not?

Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I should be glad to see that.—No! no! they han't spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these fellows here are English, and it is the fashion, try on your fooleries.

Sub. Mr. Dauphine, come, produce—Upon my word, in an elegant taste, sir; this gentleman has had the honour to——

Dauph.

Dauph. To work for all the *beaux-esprits* of the court. My good fortune commenced by a small alteration in a cut of the corner of the sleeve for Count Crib; but the addition of a ninth plait in the skirt of Marshall Tonere, was applauded by Madam la Duchesse Rambouillet, and totally establish'd the reputation of your humble servant.

Buck. Hold your jaw, and dispatch.

Sub. A word with you—I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with Madam de Rambouillet.

Buck. An't she a Papist?

Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

Sub. Oh, fie! who minds the religion of a pretty woman? Besides, all this country are of the same.

Buck. For that reason I don't care how soon I get out of it—Come, let's get rid of you all as soon as we can.—And what are you, hey?

Barb. *Je suis peruquier, monsieur.*

Buck. Speak English, you son of a whore.

Barb. I am a perriwig-maker, sir.

Buck. Then why could you not say so at first? What! are you ashamed of your mother tongue? I knew this fellow was a puppy, by his pig-tail. Come, let's see your handy work.

Barb. As I found you were in a hurry, I have brought you, sir, something that will do for the present: but a peruque is a different *ouvrage*; another sort of a thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre*; we must consult the colour of the complexion; and the *tour de visage*, the form of the face; for which end it will be necessary to regard your countenance in different lights—A little to the right; if you please.

Buck. Why you dog, dy'e think I'll submit to be exercised by you?

Barb. Oh, mon Dieu! Monsieur, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your wig *comm'il faut*.

Buck. Sirrah, speak another French word, and I'll kick you down stairs.

Barb. Gad's curse! would you resemble some of your countrymen, who at first importation, with nine hairs of a side to a brawny pair of cheeks, look like a Saracen's head! or else their water-gruel jaws sunk in a thicket of curls, appear for all the world like a lark in a soup dish!

Sub. Come, 'squire, submit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, but what must I do? [*Places him in a chair.*]

Barb. To the right, sir—now to the left—now your full—and now, sir, I'll do your business.

Sub. Look at yourself a little; see what a revolution this has occasioned in your whole figure.

Buck. Yes! a bloody, pretty figure indeed! But 'tis a figure I am damnably ashamed of: I would not be seen by Jack Wildfire, or Dick Riot, for fifty pounds, in this trim, for all that.

Sub. Upon my honour, dress greatly improves you.—Your opinion, Mr. Classic?

Clas. They do mighty well, sir; and in a little time Mr. Buck will be easy in them.

Buck. Shall I? I am glad on't, for I'm damnably uneasy at present, Mr. Subtle. What must I do now?

Sub. Now, sir, if you'll call upon my wife, you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

Buck. Come along, Domine! But harkee, Mr. Subtle, I'll out of trammels, when I hunt with the king.

Sub. Well! well!

Buck. I'll on with my jemmies; none of your black bags and jack-boots for me.

Sub. No! no!

Buck. I'll shew them the odds on't! old silver-tail! I will! hey!

Sub. Ay! ay!

Buck. Hedge, stake, or stile! over we go!

Sub. Ay! But Mr. Classic waits.

Buck. But dy'e think they'll follow?

Sub.

Sub. Oh, no! Impossible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a chace she carry'd me last Christmas Eve; we unkennell'd at——

Sub. I am busy now; at any other time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my hounds and horses.

Sub. Have you?

Buck. They shall make the tour of Europe with me: and then there's Tom Atkins the huntsman, the two whippers in, and little Joey the groom, comes with them. Dammee, what a strange place they'll think this. But no matter for that; then we shall be company enough of ourselves. But you'll follow us in?

Sub. In ten minutes!——An impertinent jackanapes! But I shall soon ha' done with him——So, gentlemen; well, you see we have a good subject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I must have more than twenty per cent. out of that suit.

Dauph. Upon my soul, Mr. Subtle, I can't.

Sub. Why I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New! Sir! why as I hope to be——

Sub. Come don't lie; don't damn yourself, Dauphine; don't be a rogue; did not I see at Madam Fripon's that waistcoat and sleeves upon Colonel Crambo?

Dauph. As to the waistcoat and sleeves I own; but for the body and lining—may I never see——

Sub. Come, don't be a scoundrel; five and thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I must, I must.

Sub. Oh, Soltaire! I can't pay the draft of Mr.—— these six weeks; I want money.

Soli. *Je suis dans le même cas—je——*

Sub. What d'ye mutiny, rascal? about your business, or——

[*Exeunt.*
I must keep these fellows under, or I shall have a fine time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Englishman in Paris.

PRI-

PRIULI.

NO more! I'll hear no more; begone, and leave me.

Jaff. Not hear me! by my sufferings, but you shall!

My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch

You think me: patience! where's the distance throws

Me back so far, but I may boldly speak

In right, tho' proud oppression will not hear?

Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?

Jaff. Could my nature e'er

Have brook'd injustice, or the doing wrongs,

I need not now thus low have bent myself

To gain a hearing from a cruel father.

Wrong'd you!

Pri. Yes, wronged me in the nicest point,

The honour of my house; you've done me wrong.

You may remember (for I now will speak

And urge its baseness) when you first came home

From travel, with such hopes as made you look'd on

By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;

Pleas'd with your growing virtue, I received you;

Courted and sought to raise you to your merits:

My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,

My very self was yours; you might have us'd me

To your best service; like an open friend

I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine:

When, in requital of my best endeavours,

You treacherously practis'd to undo me,

Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,

My only child, and stole her from my bosom:

Oh! Belvidera!

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her.

Childless you had been else, and in the grave

Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.

You may remember, scarce five years are past,

Since in your Brigantine you sail'd to see

The Adriatick wedded by our duke;

And

And I was with you : your unskilful pilot
 Dash'd us upon a rock ; when to your boat
 You made for safety, enter'd first yourself ;
 Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next,
 As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
 Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep ;
 When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
 And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
 Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
 Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
 And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
 That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize :
 I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms :
 Indeed you thank'd me ; but a nobler gratitude
 'Rose in her soul : for from that hour she lov'd me,
 'Till for her life she paid me with herself.

Pri. You stole her from me ; like a thief you stole her
 At dead of night ; that cursed hour you chose
 To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
 May all your joys in her prove false like mine ;
 A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
 Attend you both ; continual discord make
 Your nights and days bitter and grievous still :
 May the hard hand of a vexatious need
 Oppress and grind you ; till at last you find
 The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain :
 Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful loves
 With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty :
 May he live to prove more gentle than his grandfire,
 And happier than his father.

Pri. Rather live
 To bate thee for his bread, and din your ears
 With hungry cries ; whilst his unhappy mother
 Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

Jaff. You talk, as if 'twould please you.

Pri. 'Twould, by Heaven !

Once

Once she was dear indeed ; the drops that fell
 From my sad heart, when she forgot her duty ,
 The fountain of my life was not so precious :
 But she is gone ; and, if I am a man,
 I will forget her.

Jaff. Would I were in my grave.

Pri. And she too with thee :

For, living here, you're but my curs'd remembrancers,
 I once was happy

Jaff. You use me thus, because you know my soul
 Is fond of Belvidera : you perceive
 My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me :
 O ! could my soul e'er have found satiety :
 Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
 As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,
 But I might send her back to you with contumely,
 And court my fortune where she wou'd be kinder ?

Pri. You dare not do't.

Jaff. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
 My heart, that awes me, is too much my master :
 Three years are past, since first our vows were plighted,
 During which time, the world must bear me witness,
 I've treated Belvidera like a daughter,
 The daughter of a senator of Venice :
 Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
 Due to her birth, she always has commanded :
 Out of my little fortune I've done this ;
 Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
 The world might see I lov'd her for herself,
 Not as the heirs of the great Priuli.

Pri. No more.

Jaff. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.
 There's not a wretch, that lives on common charity,
 But's happier than me : for I've known
 The luscious sweets of plenty ; every night
 Have slept with soft content about my head,
 And ne'er wak'd but to a joyful morning :

Yet

Yet now must fall like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet wither'd in the ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble, study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; gets brats and starve—
Home, home, I say—— [Exit.]

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me——
This proud this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors,
Watchful as fowlers when their game will spring:
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I'm in love, and pleas'd with ruin.
Oh! Belvidera! Oh! she's my wife
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

Enter Pierre.

Pier. My friend, good morrow,
How fares the honest partner of my heart?
What, melancholy? not a word to spare me! [quality,

Jaff. I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd starving
Call'd honesty, got footing in the world.

Pier. Why, powerful villany first set it up,
For its own ease and safety; honest men
Are the soft easy cushions, on which knaves
Repose and fatten: were all mankind villains,
They'd starve each other; lawyers would want practice,
Cut-throats rewards: each man would kill his brother
Himself; none would be paid or hang'd for murder:
Honesty! 'twas a cheat invented first
To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,
That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
And lord it uncontroul'd above their betters.

Jaff. Then honesty is but a notion?

Pier.

Pier. Nothing else;
Like wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd;
He that pretends to most too, has least share in't:
'Tis a ragged virtue. Honesty! no more on't.

Jaff. Sure thou art honest?

Pier. So indeed men think me;
But they are mistaken, Jaffier: I am a rogue
As well as they;
A fine gay bold-fac'd villain, as thou seest me.
'Tis true, I pay my debts, when they're contracted;
I steal from no man; would not cut a throat
To gain admission to a great man's purse,
Or a whore's bed; I'll not betray my friend
To get his place or fortune; I scorn to flatter
A blown-up fool above to crush the wretch beneath me:
Yet, Jaffier, for all this I am a villain.

Jaff. A villain!

Pier. Yes, and a most notorious villain;
To see the sufferings of my fellow-creatures,
And own myself a man: To see our senators
Cheat the deluded people with a shew
Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.
They say, by them our hands are free from fetters,
Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow;
Drive us like wrecks down the rough tide of power,
Whilst no hold is left to save us from destruction.
All that bear this are villains: and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
That make us slaves, and tell us 'tis our charter.

Jaff. I think no safety can be here for virtue,
And grieve, my friend, as much as thou to live
In such a wretched state as this of Venice,
Where all agree to spoil the public good;
And villains fatten on the brave man's labours.

Pier.

Pier. We've neither safety, unity, nor peace, my
 For the foundation's lost of common good; [friend
 Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us;
 The laws (corrupted to their ends that make 'em)
 Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,
 That every day starts up to enslave us deeper.
 Now could this glorious cause but find out friends
 To do it right, oh Jaffier! then might'st thou
 Not wear these seals of woe upon thy face;
 The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
 And learn to value such a son as thou art.
 I dare not speak, but my heart bleeds this moment.

Jaff. Curs'd be the cause, tho' I thy friend be part
 Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom, [on't:
 For I am us'd to mis'ry, and perhaps
 May find a way to sweeten't to thy spirit.

Pier. Too soon 'twill reach thy knowledge——

Jaff. Then from thee
 Let it proceed. There's virtue in thy friendship,
 Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
 Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.

Pier. Then thou art ruin'd!

Jaff. That I long since knew;
 I and ill fortune have been long acquainted.

Pier. I pass'd this very moment by thy doors,
 And found them guarded by a troop of villains!
 The sons of public rapine were destroying.
 They told me, by the sentence of the law
 They had commission to seize on all thy fortune:
 Nay more, Priuli's cruel hand had sign'd it.
 Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
 Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
 Tumbled into a heap for public sale;
 There was another making villanous jests
 At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession
 Of all thy ancient most domestick ornaments,
 Rich hangings intermix'd and wrought with gold!

The

The very bed, which on thy wedding-night
 Receiv'd thee to the arms of Belvidera;
 The scene of all thy joys was violated
 By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,
 And thrown amongst the common lumber.

Jaff. Now, thank Heav'n——

Pier. Thank Heav'n! for what?

Jaff. That I'm not worth a ducat. [Venice.

Pier. Curse thy dull stars, and the worst fate of
 Where brothers, friends, and fathers all are false;
 Where there's no truth, no trust; where innocence
 Stoops under vile oppression, and vice lords it.
 Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
 Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
 That's doom'd to banishment, came weeping forth,
 Shining thro' tears, like April suns in showers,
 That labour to o'ercome the cloud that loads 'em;
 Whilst two young virgins on whose arms she lean'd,
 Kindly look'd up, and at her grief grew sad,
 As if they catch'd the sorrows that fell from her;
 Ev'n the lewd rabble, that were gather'd round
 To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her;
 Govern'd their roaring throats, and grumbled pity;
 I cou'd have hugg'd the greasy rogues: they pleas'd me.

Jaff. I thank thee for this story from my soul,
 Since now I know the worst that can befall me:
 Ah, Pierre! I have a heart that could have borne
 The roughest wrongs my fortune could have done me;
 But when I think what Belvidera feels,
 The bitterness her tender spirits taste of,
 I own myself a coward: Bear my weakness;
 If, throwing thus my arms about thy neck,
 I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom:
 Oh! I shall drown thee with my sorrows.

Pier. Burn,
 First burn, and level Venice to thy ruin.
 What! starve like beggar's brats in frosty weather,

Under

Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death !
 'Thou, or thy cause, shall never want assistance,
 Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee :
 Command my heart ; thou'rt every way its master.

Jaff. No, there's a secret pride in bravely dying.

Pier. Rats die in holes and corners ; dogs run mad ;
 Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow ;
 Revenge, the attribute of gods ; they stamp'd it
 With their great image on our natures. Die !
 Consider well the cause, that calls upon thee !
 And, if thou'rt base enough, die then : Remember
 Thy Belvidera suffers, Belvidera !
 Die——damn first——what ! Be decently interr'd
 In a church-yard, and mingle thy brave dust
 With stinking rogues, that rot in dirty winding-sheets,
 Sarfeit slain fools, the common dung o' the soil !

Jaff. Oh.

Pier. Well said, out with't, swear a little——

Jaff. Swear ! by sea and air ; by earth, by heav'n
 I will revenge my Belvidera's tears. [and hell,
 Hark thee, my friend——Priuli——is——a senator.

Pier. A dog.

Jaff. Agreed.

Pier. Shoot him.

Jaff. With all my heart.

No more : Where shall we meet at night ?

Pier. I'll tell thee ;

On the Rialto, every night at twelve
 I take my evening's walk of meditation ;
 There, we two'll meet, and talk of precious
 Mischief——

Jaff. Farewel.

Pier. At twelve.

Jaff. At any hour ; my plagues
 Will keep me waking.

Venice Preserved.

JAFFIER.

I'M here; and thus, the shades of night around me,
 I look as if all hell were in my heart,
 And I in hell. Nay, surely 'tis so with me!
 For every step I tread, methinks some fiend
 Knocks at my breast, and bids it not be quiet.
 I've heard how desperate wretches, like myself,
 Have wander'd out at this dead time of night,
 To meet the foe of mankind in his walk:
 Sure I'm so curs'd, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
 No minister of darkness cares to tempt me.
 Hell, hell! why sleepest thou?

Enter Pierre.

Pier. Sure I've staid too long:
 The clock has struck, and I may lose my profelyte
 Speak—who goes there?

Jaff. A dog, that comes to howl
 At yonder moon. What's he that asks the question?

Pier. A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures,
 And ne'er betray their masters; never fawn
 On any that they love not. Well met, friend Jaffier!

Jaff. The same.

Pier. Where's Belvidera?

Jaff. For a day or two
 I've lodg'd her privately, till I see farther
 What Fortune will do with me. Prithee, friend,
 If thou would'st have me fit to hear good counsel,
 Speak not of Belvidera——

Pier. Speak not of her?

Jaff. Oh, no!

Pier. Nor name her? May be I wish her well.

Jaff. Whom well?

Pier. Thy wife; thy lovely Belvidera.
 I hope a man may wish his friend's wife well,
 And no harm done.

Jaff. Y'are merry, Pierre.

Pier.

Pier. I am so :

Thou shalt smile too, and Belvidera smile :
We'll all rejoice. Here's something to buy pins ;
Marriage is chargeable. *[Gives him a purse.]*

Jaff. I but half wish'd
To see the devil, and he's here already. Well!
What must this buy ? Rebellion, murder, treason ?
Tell me which way must I be damn'd for this.

Pier. When last we parted, we'd no qualms like these,
But entertain'd each other's thoughts like men
Whose souls were well acquainted. Is the world
Reform'd since our last meeting ? What new miracles
Have happen'd ? Has Priuli's heart relented ?
Can he be honest ?

Jaff. Kind Heav'n, let heavy curses
Gall his old age ; cramps, aches rack his bones,
And bitterest disquiet wring his heart.

Pier. Nay, could'st thou not
As well, my friend, have stretch'd the curse to all
The senate round, as to one single villain ?

Jaff. But curses stick not ; could I kill with cursing,
By Heaven I know not thirty heads in Venice
Should not be blasted. Senators should rot
Like dogs on dunghills—Oh ! for a curse
To kill with !

Pier. Daggers, daggers are much better.

Jaff. Ha !

Pier. Daggers.

Jaff. But where are they ?

Pier. Oh ! a thousand
May be dispos'd of, in honest hands in Venice.

Jaff. Thou talk'st in clouds.

Pier. But yet a heart, half wrong'd
As thine has been, would find the meaning, Jaffier.

Jaff. A thousand daggers, all in honest hands !
And have I not a friend will stick one here ?

Pier. Yes, if I thought thou wert not to be cherish'd

To a nobler purpose, I would be that friend ;
 But thou hast better friends ; friends whom thy wrongs
 Have made thy friends ; friends worthy to be call'd so.
 I'll trust thee with a secret—There are spirits
 This hour at work.—But as thou'rt a man,
 Whom I have pick'd and chosen from the world,
 Swear that thou wilt be true to what I utter ;
 And when I've told thee that which only gods,
 And men like gods, are privy to, then swear
 No chance or change shall wrest it from thy bosom.

Jaff. When thou would'st bind me, is there need of
 For thou'rt so near my heart, that thou may'st see [oaths]
 Its bottom, sound its strength and firmness to thee.
 Is coward, fool, or villain in my face ?
 If I seem none of these, I dare believe
 Thou would'st not use me in a little cause ;
 For I am fit for honour's roughest task ;
 Nor ever yet found fooling was my province :
 And for a villanous, inglorious enterprize,
 I know thy heart so well, I dare lay mine
 Before thee, set it to what point thou wilt.

Pier. Nay, 'tis a cause thou wilt be fond of, Jaffier ;
 For it is founded on the noblest basis ;
 Our liberties, our natural inheritance.
 There's no religion, no hypocrisy in't ;
 We'll do the business, and ne'er fast and pray for't ;
 Openly act a deed the world may gaze
 With wonder at, and envy when 'tis done.

Jaff. For liberty !

Pier. For liberty, my friend.
 'Thou shalt be freed from base Priuli's tyranny,
 And thy sequester'd fortunes heal'd again :
 I shall be free from those opprobrious wrongs
 That press me now, and bend my spirit downward ;
 All Venice free, and every growing merit
 Succeed to its just rights : fools shall be pull'd
 From Wisdom's seat ; those baneful unclean birds,

Those

Those lazy owls, who (perch'd near Fortune's top)
 Sit only watchful with their heavy wings
 To cuff down new-fledg'd virtues, that would rise
 To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious.

Jaff. What can I do?

Pier. Can'st thou not kill a senator?

Jaff. Were there one wise or honest, I could kill him,
 For herding with that nest of fools or knaves.
 By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
 Were to be had; and the brave story warms me.

Pier. Swear then!

Jaff. I do, by all those glittering stars,
 And yon great ruling planet of the night;
 By all good Powers above, and ill below;
 By love and friendship, dearer than my life,
 No pow'r or death shall make me false to thee.

Pier. Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my heart.
 A council's held hard by, where the destruction
 Of this great empire's hatching: there I'll lead thee.
 But be a man! for thou'rt to mix with men
 Fit to disturb the peace of all the world,
 And rule it when 'tis wildest——

Jaff. I give thee thanks
 For this kind warning. Yes, I'll be a man;
 And charge thee, Pierre, whene'er thou see'st my fears,
 Betray me less, to rip this heart of mine
 Out of my breast, and shew it for a coward's.
 Come, let's begone; for from this hour I chase
 All little thoughts, all tender human follies
 Out of my bosom—Vengeance shall have room—
 Revenge!

Pier. And liberty!

Jaff. Revenge!

Pier. And liberty!

Jaff. Revenge! revenge!—

Venice Preserved.

MACBETH.

IF it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
 It were done quickly : if th' assassination
 Cou'd tramel up the consequence, and catch
 With its surcease success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all—Here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
 We still have judgment here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions ; which being taught return
 To plague th' inventor. Even-handed justice
 Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust ;
 First as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deep damnation of his taking off :
 And Pity like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubim hors'd
 Upon the fightless courfers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye ;
 That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on th' other——

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now ? what news ?

Lady. He's almost supp'd ; why have you left the cham-

Macb. Hath he asked for me ? [ber !

Lady. Know you not he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business :
 He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought

Golden

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? from this time
Such I account thy love? Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? would'st thou have that,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat in th' adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
As (to be more than what you were) you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then cohere, and yet you would make both:
They've made themselves; and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me——
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash't the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail!——

Lady. We fail?
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Where'to the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel to convince,

That

That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

Macbeth.

MACBETH, and a Servant.

GO, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch thee,
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still,
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation

Proceeding

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet in form as palpable

As this which now I draw——

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses;

Or else worth all the rest——I see thee still;

And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes——Now o'er one half the world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd murder,

(Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howls his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rd his design

Moves like a ghost—Thou found and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they tread, for fear

'Thy very stones prate of my where-about;

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it—whilst I threat, he lives—

[A bell rings.]

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell

That summons thee to heav'n, or to hell:

[Exit.]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made

[me bold;

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hark!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man, [peace!

Which gives the stern'st good night—he is about it—

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their

'That death and nature do contend about them, [possets,

Whether they live or die.

Enter

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what, ho?—

Lady. Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd;
And 'tis done; th' attempt and not the deed,
Confounds us—hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't—My husband!

Macb. I've done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a
[noise?]

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did you not speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—who lies i' th' second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry fight. [Looks on his hands.]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say, a sorry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
[murder!]

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bless us! and Amen, the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Lift'ning their fear, I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat!

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these days; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;

Sleep,

Sleep, that knits up the revell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. ———

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more,
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit.

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [Starting.
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather
Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red——

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white; I hear a knocking [Knock.
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then? your constancy

Hath

Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking! [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion calls us,
And shew us to be watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know my-
[self.
Wake Duncan, with this knocking : would thou could'st.
Macbeth.

ISABELLA and NURSE : ISABELLA'S little Son at play
upon the Floor.

ISABELLA.

SOONER, or later, all things, pass away,
And are no more. The beggar and the king,
With equal steps, tread forward to their end :
Th' reconciling grave swallows distinction first, that made
Then all alike lie down in peace together. [us foes,
When will that hour of peace arrive for me !
In heaven I shall find it—not in heav'n,
If my old tyrant father can dispose
Of things above—but there his interest
May be as poor as mine, and want a friend
As much as I do here. [Weeping.

Nurse. Good Madam, be comforted.

Isa. Do I deserve to be this outcast wretch ?
Abandon'd thus, and lost ? But 'tis my lot,
The will of Heav'n, and I must not complain :
I will not for myself—let me hear all
The violence of your wrath ! but spare my child :
Let not my sins be visited on him :
They are ; they must ! a general ruin falls
On every thing about me ; thou art lost,
Poor nurse, by being near me.

Nurse.

Nurse. I can work, or beg, to do you service:

Isa. Could I forget

What I have been, I might the better bear

What I am destin'd to—I'm not the first

That have been wretched—but to think how much

I have been happier!—Wild hurrying thoughts

Start every where from my distracted soul,

To find out hope, and only meet despair.

Enter Sampson.

What answer have I?

Samp. Why truly, very little to the purpose; like a Jew as he is, he says you have had more already than the jewels are worth—he wishes you would rather think of redeeming 'em, than expect any more money upon 'em.

Isa. 'Tis very well——

[Exit Sampson.]

So—Poverty at home, and debts abroad!

My present fortune bad; my hopes yet worse!

What will become of me!

The ring is all I have left of value now——

'Twas given me by my husband—his first gift

Upon our marriage—I've always kept it,

With my best care, the treasure next my life——

Which only can be dearer. Take it, nurse,

'Twill stop the cries of hunger for a time——

Take care of it——

Manage it as the last remaining friend

That would relieve us. *[Exit Nurse.]* Heav'n can

Where we shall find another—My dear boy! *[only tell]*

The labour of his birth was lighter to me

Than of my fondness now; my fears for him

Are more, than in that hour of hovering death,

They could be for myself—He minds me not,

His little sports have taken up his thoughts——

Oh! may they never feel the pangs of mine!

Thinking will make me mad—why must I think,

When no thought brings me comfort?

O

Nurse

Nurse returns.

Nurse. Oh, Madam! you are utterly ruin'd and undone; your creditors of all kinds are come in upon you; they have muster'd up a regiment of rogues, that are come to plunder your house, and seize upon all you have in the world; they are below; what will you do, Madam?

Isa. Do! nothing; no, for I am born to suffer.

Enter Carlos to her.

Car. Oh, sister! can I call you by that name, And be the son of this inhuman man, Inveterate to your ruin? Do not think I am a-kin to his barbarity—— I must abhor my father's usage of you—— And from my bleeding, honest heart, must pity, Pity your lost condition. Can you think Of any way that I may serve you in? But what enrages most my sense of grief, My sorrow for your wrongs, is, that my father, Foreknowing well the storm that was to fall, Has order'd me not to appear for you.

Isa. I thank your pity; my poor husband fell For disobeying him; do not you stay To venture his displeasure too for me.

Car. You must resolve on something—— [Exit.

Isa. Let my fate Determine for me; I shall be prepar'd. The worst that can befall me is to die—— [A noise. Hark, they are coming; let the torrent roar—— It can but overwhelm me in its fall; And life and death are now alike to me.

Isabella.

ISABELLA.

I'VE heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,
That have made nature start from her old course——

The

The sun has been eclips'd, and the moon drawn down
 From her career, still paler, and subdu'd
 To the abuses of this under world !
 Now I believe all possible. This ring,
 This little ring, with a necromantic force,
 Has rais'd the ghost of pleasure to my fears—
 Conjur'd the sense of honour, and of love,
 Into such shapes, they fright me from myself !
 I dare not think of them——

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam, the gentleman's below:

Isa. I had forgot ; pray let me speak with him.

[Exit Nurse.]

This ring was the first present of my love
 To Biron, my first husband—I must blush
 To think I have a second. Biron dy'd
 (Still to my loss) at Candy ; there's my hope.
 Oh, do I live to hope that he dy'd there !
 It must be so—he's dead, and this ring left
 By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,
 To bring me back again ; *[Biron introduced—Nurse retires.]*
 That's all I have to trust to—
 My fears were woman's—I have view'd him all ;
 And let me, let me say it to myself,
 I live again, and rise but from his tomb.

Bir. Have you forgot me quite ?

Isa. Forgot you !

Bir. Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortune.
 My Isabella !

[He goes to her ; she shrieks, and falls in a swoon.]

Isa. Ha !

Bir. O ! come again——

Thy Biron summons thee to life and love ;
 Thy once-lov'd ever-loving husband calls—
 Thy Biron speaks to thee.

Isa. My husband ! Biron ?

Bir. Excess of love and joy, for my return
Has overpow'r'd her—I was to blame
To take thy sex's softness unprepar'd—
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,
This ecstasy has made my welcome more
Than words could say—words may be counterfeit,
False coin'd, and current only from the tongue,
Without the mind ; but passions in the soul,
Do always speak the heart.

Isa. Where have I been ? Why do you keep him from me ?
I knew his voice—my life upon the wing,
Hears the soft lure that brings me back again :
'Tis he himself, my Biron, the dear man !
My true-lov'd husband ! Do I hold you fast,
Never to part again ?
If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.

Bir. Live ever in these arms !

Isa. But pardon me,
Excuse the wild disorder of my soul ;
The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,
Of seeing you again, distracted me—

Bir. Thou everlasting goodness !

Isa. Answer me—

What hand of Providence has brought you back
To your own home again ! O, satisfy
Th' impatience of my heart—I long to know
The story of your sufferings.
But tell me all,

For every thought confounds me.

Bir. My best life ; at leisure, all.

Isa. We thought you dead ; kill'd at the siege of Candy.

Bir. There I fell among the dead ;
But hopes of live reviving from the wounds,
I was preserv'd but to be made a slave :
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer : I writ to thee too—

Isa. What a world of woe

Had

Had been prevented, but in hearing from you!

Bir. Alas! thou couldst not help me.

Isa. You do not know how much I could ha' done;
At least, I'm sure I could have suffer'd all:

I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; giv'n up my child,
The dearest part of me to basest wants——

Bir. My little boy!

Isa. My life, but to have heard
You were alive—which now too late I find. [Aside.]

Bir. No more, my love; complaining of the past,
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again——
I have a thousand things to say to thee——

Isa. Wou'd I were past the hearing! [Aside.]

Bir. How does my child, my boy, my father too?
I hear he's living still.

Isa. Well both, both well:
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none.

Bir. Come, no more tears.

Isa. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss,
Have mourn'd with me——

Bir. And all my days behind
Shall be employ'd in a kind recompence
For thy afflictions—Can't I see my boy?

Isa. He's gone to bed—I'll have him brought to you.

Bir. To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest
Myself, after my weary pilgrimage.

Isa. Alas! what shall I get for you?

Bir. Nothing but rest, my love! to night. I would not
Be known, if possible, to your family;
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome
Would be tedious at this time:
To-morrow will do better.

Isa. I'll dispose of her, and order every thing
As you would have it.

[Exit.
Bir.

Bir. Grant me but life, good Heav'n, and give the
To make this wond'rous goodness some amends— [means
And let me then forget her, if I can!
Oh! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her, though I again could venture
A father and his fortune, for her love!
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons:
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compar'd to this, my heart-felt happiness?

[*Bursts into tears.*

What has she, in my absence, undergone?
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fated cause of all.

Isabella returns.

Isa. I have obey'd your pleasure;
Every thing is ready for you.

Bir. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carried to their aim
Of happiness; there's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me—
I know the way, my love.

Isa. Shall I attend you?

Bir. By no means;
I've been so long a slave to others pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You'll make haste after——

[*Goes in.*

Isa. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you.—
My prayers! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more.
What Heav'n cou'd give, I have enjoy'd; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what's to come, is a long line of woe,
Yet I may shorten it——
I promis'd him to follow——him!

Is

Is he without a name? Biron, my husband,
 To follow him to bed—my husband! ha!
 What then is Villeroy! But yesterday
 That very bed receiv'd him for its lord.
 Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner,
 I wou'd have follow'd thee through beggary,
 Through all the chances of this weary life;
 Wander'd the many ways of wretchedness
 With thee, to find a hospitable grave;
 For that's the only bed that's left me now. *[Weeping.]*
 ——— What's to be done?—for something must be done.
 Two husbands! yet not one! By both enjoy'd,
 And yet a wife to neither! Hold, my brain—
 Ha! a lucky thought
 Works the right way to rid me of 'em all;
 All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
 That every tongue and finger will find for me,
 Let the just horror of my apprehensions
 But keep me warm—no matter what can come.
 'Tis but a blow—yet I will see him first—
 Have a last look to heighten my despair,
 And then to rest for ever——

Biron meets her.

Bir. Despair, and rest for ever! Isabella!
 These words are far from thy condition;
 And be they ever so! I heard thy voice,
 And could not bear thy absence—come, my love!
 You have staid long, there's nothing sure
 Now to despair of in succeeding fate.

Isa. I am contented to be miserable,
 But not this way—I've been too long abus'd,
 And can believe no more.
 Let me sleep on to be deceiv'd no more.

Bir. Look up, my love; I never did deceive thee,
 Nor ever can; believe thyself, thy eyes
 That first inflam'd, and lit me to my love,
 Those stars, that still must guide me to my joys,

Isa.

Isa. And me to my undoing—I look round
And find no path, but leading to the grave.

Bir. I cannot understand thee.

Isa. If marriages

Are made in heav'n, they should be happier—

Why was I made this wretch?

Bir. Has marriage made thee wretched?

Isa. Miserable, beyond the reach of comfort.

Bir. Do I live to hear thee say so?

Isa. Why! what did I say?

Bir. That I made thee miserable.

Isa. No; you are my only earthly happiness;
And my false tongue bely'd my honest heart,
If it said otherwise.

Bir. And yet you said,

Your marriage made you miserable.

Isa. I know not what I said—

I've said too much, unless I could speak all.

Bir. Thy words are wild; my eyes, my ears, my
Were all so full of thee, so much employ'd [heart,
In wonder of thy charms, I could not find it;

Now I perceive it plain—

Isa. You'll tell nobody—

[Distracted.]

Bir. Thou art not well.

Isa. Indeed I am not; I knew that before—
But where's the remedy?

Bir. Rest will relieve thy cares—come, come, no more;
I'll banish sorrow from thee.

Isa. Banish first the cause.

Bir. Heav'n knows how willingly.

Isa. You are the only cause.

Bir. Am I the cause? the cause of thy misfortunes?

Isa. The fatal, innocent cause of all my woes.

Bir. Is this my welcome home? This the reward
Of all my miseries, long labours, pains,
And pining wants of wretched slavery,
Which I've outliv'd, only in hopes of thee!

Am

Am I thus paid at last for deathless love !
And call'd the cause of thy misfortunes now ?

Isa. Inquire no more ; 'twill be explain'd too soon.

[*She is going off.*

Bir. What ! Can'st thou leave me too ? [*He stops her.*

Isa. Pray let me go—

For both our sakes, permit me—

Bir. Rack me not with imaginations
Of things impossible—Thou can'st not mean
What thou hast said—Yet something she must mean.
—'Twas madness all—Compose thyself, my love !
The fit is past ; all may be well again—
Let us to bed.

Isa. To-bed ! You've rais'd the storm.

Will sever us forever—Oh, Biron !

On my knees,

(The last time I shall care to be believ'd)

I beg you, beg to think me innocent,

Clear of all crimes, that thus can banish me

From this world's comforts, in my losing you.

Since we must part—

Bir. Nothing shall ever part us.

Isa. Oh ! there's a fatal story to be told ;

Be deaf to that, as Heav'n has been to me !

When thou shalt hear how much thou hast been wrong'd,

How wilt thou curse thy fond-believing heart,

Tear me from the warm bosom of thy love,

And throw me like a pois'nous weed away !

No, all things have their end.

When I am dead, forgive and pity me.

[*Exit.*

Bir. Stay, my Isabella—

What can she mean ? These doubtings will distract me :

Some hidden mischief soon will burst to light ;

I cannot bear it—I must be satisfied—

'Tis she, my wife, must clear this darkness to me.

She shall—if the sad tale at last must come ;

She is my fate, and best can speak my doom.

Isabella.

BIRON, *Nurse following him.*

I Know enough : th' important question
Of life or death, fearful to be resolv'd,
Is clear to me : I see where it must end;
And need enquire no more—Pray let me have
Pen, ink, and paper; I must write awhile,
And then I'll try to rest—to rest for ever! [*Exit Nurse.*]
Poor Isabella! Now I know the cause,
The cause of thy distress, and cannot wonder
That it has turn'd thy brain. If I look back
Upon thy loss, it will distract me too.
Oh, any curse but this might be remov'd!
But 'twas the rancorous malignity
Of all ill stars combin'd, of Heav'n and fate—
Hold, hold my impious tongue—Alas! I rave—
Why do I tax the stars, or Heav'n, or fate?
They are all innocent of driving us
Into despair: they have not urg'd my doom :
My father and my brother are the fates,
That drive me to my ruin. They knew well
I was alive. Too well they knew how dear
My Isabella—Oh, my wife no more!
How dear her love was to me—Yet they stood,
With a malicious, silent joy, stood by,
And saw her give up all my happiness,
The treasure of her beauty to another.
I have but to accuse you of my wrongs,
And then to fall forgotten—Sleep or death
Sits heavy on me, and benumbs my pains :
Either is welcome ; but the hand of death
Works always sure, and best can close my eyes.

Isabella.

OSMYN.

OSMYN.

I COME to tell your highness, there is no bearing that English Slave; she says such things, and does such things, that—

Sultan. Why, what is't she does?

Os. She mimics me—nay, and mimics you too.

Sul. Pho, pho.

Os. Advice is lost upon her.—When I attempt to give it, she falls to singing and dancing—There is no enduring it, if you don't permit me to correct her.

Sul. You take these things in too serious a light—She seems indeed a singular character.

Os. She has the impudence of the devil: but just now I threaten'd to complain to you of her, she said she would complain of me, and here she comes.

Enter Roxalana.

Sul. How now!

Rox. Well heaven be prais'd, at last, here is something like a human figure. You are, Sir, I suppose, the sublime Sultan, whose slave I have the honour to be. If so, pray oblige me so far, as to drive from your presence that horrid ugly creature there; for he shocks my sight. Do you hear? (*to Osmyn*)—go.

Sul. (*gravely*) They complain, Roxalana, of your irreverent behaviour; you must learn to treat the officers of our seraglio, whom we have set over you, with more deference. All in this place, honour their superiors, and obey in silence.

Rox. In silence? and obey! Is this a sample of your Turkish gallantry. You must be vastly loved, indeed, if you address women in that strain.

Sul. Consider you are not now in your own country.

Rox. No, indeed; you make me feel the difference severely. There reign ease, content, and liberty—Every citizen is himself a king, where the king is himself a citizen.

Sul.

Sul. Have a humour more gentle and pliable. I advise you to alter your behaviour for very good reasons; and it is for your good. There are very rigorous laws in the Seraglio for such as are refractory.

Rox. Upon my word, you have made a very delicate speech, and I admire the gravity with which it was uttered.

Sul. Roxalana, I am serious.

Os. What does your highness think now? Did I tell the truth?

Rox. Oh, whispering—What is it that monster says?—that what-do-you-call-him, that good for nothing amphibious animal, who follows us like sheep here, and is for ever watching us with his frightful glaring eyes, as if he would devour us—Is this the confidante of your pleasures—the guardian of our chastity?—I must do him the justice to confess, that if you give him money for making himself hated, he certainly does not steal his wages. We cannot stir one step but he is after us; by-and-bye, I suppose he will weigh our air and measure light to us; he won't let us walk in the garden, lest it should rain men upon us; and if it did, 'tis a blessing we've been long wishing for.

Os. There now, don't she go on at a fine rate?

Rox. Don't mind that ugly creature, but listen to me—If you follow my counsel, I shall make you an accomplished prince—I wish to make you belov'd—Let your window bars be taken down—let the doors of your Seraglio be thrown open—let inclination alone keep your women within it; and instead of that ugly odious creature there, send a handsome smart young officer to us every morning; one that will treat us like ladies, and lay out the pleasure of the day.

(While she is speaking the Sultan admires her.)

Sul. *(to Osmyn)* Did you ever see so expressive a countenance?—*(to Roxalana.)* Have you any thing more to say?

Rox.

Rox. Yes, Sir, this—To desire you will not mind him, but attend to me——Men were not born to advise—the thing is expressly the contrary——We women have certainly ten thousand times more sense—Men, indeed!—Men were born for no other purpose under heav'n, but to amuse us; and he who succeeds best, perfectly answers the end of his creation—Now, Sir, farewell—If I find you profit by my first lesson, I may perhaps be tempted to give you another. [Exit.]

Os. Did you ever hear the like, Sir?—Her insolence is not to be borne.

Sul. I think it amusing.

Os. I shall certainly lose all my authority in the Scraglio, if she is not corrected.

Sul. 'Tis a girl—a fool of a disposition, that chastisement would make worse—Go after her, Osmyn; bid her come back and drink sherbet with me.

Os. Sherbet with you, Sir!

Sul. I have said it.—(*Goes on the throne, and takes a pipe.*)—Well, for my life, I can't get the better of my astonishment, at hearing a slave talk in so extraordinary a manner—(*smokes*)—and the more I think of it, my astonishment is the greater. She's not handsome, that is, what is called a beauty; yet her little nose, cock'd in the air, her laughing eyes, and the play of her features, have an effect altogether. Elmira has something more soft, and more majestic—yet, methinks, I have a mind to sift Roxalana's character; mere curiosity, and nothing else—It is the first time we have seen in this place a spirit of caprice and independence—I'll try at least what she'll say to me farther; there can be no harm to divert myself with her extravagance.

Re-enter Osmyn.

Os. I have delivered your message, Sir.

Sul. Delivered my message!—Where's Roxalana?

Os. In her chamber, where she has lock'd herself in.

P

Sul.

Sul. No matter for her being in her chamber—What did she say?

Of. Treasure of light, said I through the key-hole—I come from the sublime Sultan, to kiss the dust beneath your feet, and to desire you will come and drink sherbet with him. She answered through the key-hole—Go tell your master I have no dust on my feet, and I don't like sherbet.

Sul. In effect, *Ofymyn*, the fault is your's, you took your time ill, as you commonly do—You should have waited some time—don't you owe her respect?

Of. And after this, would you have her come again?

Sul. Perhaps I would.

Of. Shall I fetch the Sultana Elmira too?

Sul. What's the meaning of this, *Ofmyn*? I tell you once more, go and bring me Roxalana. [*Curtain moves.*]

Of. Who is it that meddles with the great curtain?

Sul. Who is it lifts the portal there?

Rox. (*coming from behind*) 'Tis I.

Sul. You! and how dare you take that liberty?

Of. Ay, how dare you?—Don't you know 'tis death for any to enter there but the Sultan, without being conducted?

Sul. Come, come, she's not acquainted with the customs of the Seraglio; so let it pass. Roxalana, I beg your pardon; I am afraid he has disturb'd you now.

Rox. Oh, 'tis only what I expected—You Turks are not very polite—In my country, a gallant waits upon a lady; but the custom is quite different here I find.—[*Sultan offers the pipe, she strikes it down.*—]—What do you think I smoke?

Sul. How's this? Does your insolence go so far?

Of. What do you command, Sir?

Sul. Silence!

[*Exit Ofmyn.*]

Rox. What! angry before a woman? I'm quite ashamed of you.

Sul.

Sul. This is not to be suffered; and yet there's something so foolish in it too. Come hither, Roxalana, I want to speak to you.

Rox. No, I thank you, I'm very well where I am.

Sul. Tell me then, is it in this light manner women behave in England?

Rox. Pretty near it.

Sul. And suppose I wou'd for once forget your national vivacity, would it make you more cautious for the future? Come, give me your hand; and you may imagine I have forgot all you have said to me.

Rox. So much the worse for you. I told you a great many good things: I see my frankness is disagreeable; but you must grow used to it. Don't you think yourself very happy to find a friend in a slave? one that will teach you how to love too; for 'tis in my country love is in its element. It is there all life and tenderness, because it is free; and yet even there, a husband beloved is next to a prodigy.—If it be then so difficult to love a husband, what must it be to love a master? I am your friend; I tell you the truth: and do you know why you dislike to hear it! because it is a language your ears are unaccustom'd to; but I don't mind that; I shall make you well acquainted with it.—Happy would it be for every Prince, had they a friend near them to tell them the truth.

Sul. But you must treat me with respect.

Rox. I treat you with respect! that would be worse still.

Sul. Indeed!

Rox. Oh, your notions are horrid; I shall correct you.

Sul. Correct me! in what I pray?

Rox. In what concerns you.

Sul. She is the strangest mortal sure! But let's have no more of this.

Rox. Nay, though you don't take my lessons so patiently

tiently as I could wish, I hope you are not displeased with me. I should be sorry to offend you.

Sul. You may easily avoid it then.

Rox. It will be nothing in time.

Sul. Why won't you consider who I am, and who you are?

Rox. Who I am, and who you are!—Yes, Sir, I do consider very well that you are the Grand Sultan; I am your slave; but I am also a free woman, prouder of that than all the pomp and splendour eastern Monarchs can bestow.

Sul. As far as I can perceive then, you would be very glad to get away from me.

Rox. You never were more right in your life.

Sul. Well, but if I endeavour to render the Seraglio agreeable to you—if I study to make you happy, might you not in your turn study to deserve my favour?

Rox. No.

Sul. Do you speak that sincerely?

Rox. As I think it.

Sul. And yet there is something that whispers me—

Rox. Don't believe it—I tell you it deceives you.

Sul. And must I never expect—

Rox. Never—Caprice and fancy decide all.

Sul. In caprice and fancy then I rest my hopes; and in the mean time you shall sup with me.

Rox. No, I beg to be excused; I'd rather not.

Sul. Why so?—'tis an honour that you ought—

Rox. An honour that I ought! Sir, you ought to lay aside those humiliating phrases; for while they teach us your superior greatness, they rob you of the pleasure of being agreeable—But to be in good humour, Sir, I ought not to accept your proposals; for I know that suppers here tend to certain things, that I can't—indeed, Sir.

Sul. Well, as you please.

Rox. That is very well said; you are my pupil, you know,

know, and you should give up every point to me; and since that is the case, instead of my supping with you, you shall dine with me.

Sul. With all my heart—be it so.—*Osmyrn!*

Enter Osmyrn.

Sul. *Osmyrn*——

Rox. *Osmyrn*, I say, hear my directions—You know I am to speak—Go to the clerk of the kitchen, and desire him to provide a handsome entertainment in my apartment, as the Sultan dines with me.

Os. Did your Highness order——

Sul. What do you stand for? Do as she bids you.

[Exit Osmyrn, bowing.]

Rox. Are there not some females here that would enliven the conversation? for example, the beautiful Elmira, that accomplish'd favourite you lov'd so well; her company must be agreeable; and the Persian slave Ismena, who, I am told, sings enchantingly---and whom you love a little?

Sul. Yes—but——

Rox. I understand you---you will have her too.

Sul. It is not necessary---we'll be alone.

Rox. Alone---a tete-a-tete would be a great pleasure, to be sure! Oh! no.

Sul. I promise you I expect it.

Enter Osmyrn.

Os. Madam, your orders are obey'd.

Sul. Go to Elmira's apartment, and tell her I shall see her this evening. This evening, do you hear?

Rox. I don't like that whispering there---What's that you say?---You know I have often told you of that ugly trick.

Sul. Nothing---I'll come to her---go.

Rox. Stay, I say---I have some business with you.

Sul. Stay!---Certainly there never was any thing half so pleasant as this creature.

[Exit.]

Rox.

Rex. Go, Osmyn, to the apartments of the Sultana Elmira, and to the chamber of the slave Ismena, and tell them to come and dine with the Sultan,---If you neglect obeying my orders, your head shall answer for it.---And, do you hear? don't let them know you came from me with this invitation---Take care of your head.

The Sultan.

The PHYSICIAN'S SOLILOQUY.

I AM retir'd from business, therefore safe;
 And how I've humm'd the world, I well may laugh:
 I know nor Greek nor Latin; and have read
 E'en English authors, very few indeed!
 'Tis not by learning we Physicians rise---
 By other arts we catch the people's eyes:
 The force of mere abilities is small;
 'Tis Front, Appearance, and Address is all!
 Some, who for learning bore such high repute,
 Starve in obscurity, and walk on foot;
 But he who has a Front, Address and Wig,
 Rides in his coach---his fame and fortune big.
 Men in all arts with some things cheat our eyes,
 And ev'ry trade has got its mysteries;
 Ours, too, is cloath'd with like mysterious air,
 For e'en the trade of Physic cheats its share:
 Thus I am call'd (for instance) to a case;
 I go in all the forms of Dress, and Face!
 Enquire the symptoms---patient's pulse I feel;
 "You understand the case?"---"Extremely well!"
 For, if but in the least you seem to doubt,
 "The Doctor knows not what he is about."
 With pen and ink my ready hand I arm,
 And order what will do nor good nor harm;

If Nature can her part successful play,
 'Tis I with all the honour run away!
 I paint a patient bad as e'er I can——
 "The case is desp'rate! he's a dying man!"
 Then, if he dies—"Why, he's a prophet sure!"
 But, if he lives—"God blefs me! what a cure!"
 His friends, perhaps, are anxious to be told
 What's his disorder---that I can't unfold;
 Yet put them off with some hard mystic name;
 It goes down---right or wrong, 'tis all the same!

CAROLINE.

HA, ha, ha! well, my dear Edward, now all's over,
 the success of our little trick is even beyond my expectation.

Edw. Yes, my dear, but the benevolent effects of their credulity almost gives our little trick the air of a crime, and the shame of a detection.

Caro. You're ever raising phantoms to scare yourself; the dread of meeting your aunt here will keep Sir Walter away.

Edw. True, and the fear of seeing him will secure us from her visits, but I expect her messenger with the cash every moment.

Caro. Well, I'm prepar'd here within, shou'd he be curious.

Enter Dennis.

Den. A servant from your aunt, Sir.

Caro. I'll to my post of mortality. [Exit.]

Edw. Admit him. [Exit Dennis.] Now for a woe-ful visage.

Enter Motley.

Mot. 'Even such a man so spiritless--so woe begone,
 &c."

&c."---Sir, I am sorry for your loss---my lady, Sir, desires me to see the-----Oh!

Edw. There she lyes. [*Pointing to the side scene.*]

Mot. [*Goes to the door and looks in.*] As handsome a corpse as a man would wish to look on, as Lord Romeo says---"Death has not suck'd the honey from her cheeks, and his pale lieutenant---no---his ensign, is not quarter'd there."

Edw. Any commands from my aunt?

Mot. Yes, Sir, she commands you to prop up your spirits with old stout Madeira.---She commands you, Sir, to take a bumper yourself, and to give three bumpers to every body that comes to see you, gentle and simple.

Edw. Oh!

Mot. I suppose, Sir, you'll have the funeral obsequies; if so, Sir, I'd have you, Sir, for the credit of the thing, hire Solomon Durgess to sing at it.

Edw. Oh, bitter separation!

Mot. Consider, Sir, your lady is in heav'n, where you can never come, and for your sake, I hope your separation may long continue---her death is the cause of your grief---therefore, Sir, I wish you joy. [*Going.*]

Edw. 'Sdeath! she has sent no money. [*Aside.*] Pray have not you any message?

Mot. No, Sir, only a letter.

Edw. Right---[*Aside.*]---Lay it on the table.

Mot. [*Lays it down.*] She is indeed a comely corpse--- Oh, life's an Italian shadow, a strolling player, that falls thro' a trap door upon the stage, and then is seen no more.

SONG.

The world is all nonsense and noise,
Fantoccini or Ombres Chinois,
Mere pantomime mummery,
Puppet-show flummery;
A magical lanthorn confounding the sight.

Like

Like players or puppets we move,
On the wires of ambition and love;
The poets write wittily,
Maidens look prettily,
Till death drops the curtain---all's over---good night.
[Exit.]

Enter Caroline.

Edw. Thank ye, Mr. Solomon Durgess! but what has our kind aunt sent us? four hundred!—very handsome indeed.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Mrs. Cypress, Madam, the black milliner. [Exit.]

Edw. To take orders for your weeds——Ha, ha, ha!

Caro. Ah, my friseur shall supply me with craping for weeds—Italian flowers—and for love, I wear it on my heart. [Exeunt.]

Another Chamber in Edward's House.

Enter Sheers and Grizley.

Griz. Mr. Sheers, Sir.—I'll tell him, Sir.

Sheers. Yes, Mr. Sheers, to take orders for his mourning. [Exit Grizley.] A bailiff shall carry them home, tho'—yet no taylor in town so complaisantly suits his own dress to the present humour of his employer—to a brisk bridegroom, I'm white as a swan, and here, to this woeful widower, I appear black—black as my own goose.

Enter Undertaker.

Under. “Hearse—mourning coaches—scarfs---pall.” Um---ay---if the cash was plenty, this might turn out a pretty sprightly funeral.

Sheers. Servant, Sir.

Under. Scarfs---a merry death---coffin---um--ay——

Sheers. A sudden affair this, Sir!

Under. Sudden——ah! I'm always prepar'd for death.

Sheers.

Sheers. Sign of a good liver.

Under. No tradesman within the bills of mortality lives better.

Sheers. You have many customers then, Sir.

Under. Not one breathing.

Sheers. You disoblige them, perhaps.

Under. Why the truth is, Sir, tho' my friends wou'd die to serve me, yet I can't keep one three days without turning up my nose at him---Odso! I forgot to take measure of the body.

Sheers. [*Aside.*] Oh! oh!--A brother taylor---you measure nobody here.

Under. Yes, I shall---Mr. Sandford's body.

Sheers. For what, pray?

Under. For a wooden furtout lin'd with white satin.

Sheers. Odd sort of mourning. [*Aside.*] But, Sir, I have the business of this family.

Under. You! I know I have had it, since St. James's church-yard was set on fire by old Mattack the grave-digger, twenty years last influenza business. I have nineteen bodies under lock and key this moment.

Sheers. You may have bodies, skirts, cuffs, and buttons---My business!--ask my foreman---I don't set a stitch---I'm merely an undertaker.

Under. Undertaker! so am I---and for work---

Sheers. Now I do no work---I cut out indeed---

Under. Cut out! Oh you embowel 'em perhaps---can you make a mummy in the Egyptian fashion?

Sheers. I never made masquerade habits.

Under. What! cou'd you stuff a person of rank, to send him sweet over sea?

Sheers. Stuff persons of rank!--Irish tabinets are in style for people of rank.

Under. Nothing like sage, thyme, pepper, and salt.

Sheers. Pepper and salt! thunder and lightning for a colour.

Under.

Under. Thunder and lightning! why you are in the clouds, man---in one word, cou'd you pickle a Duke?

Sheers. I pickle a Duke!

Under. Cou'd you place a lozenge over a window, or make out a hatchment without the help of a herald?

Sheers. Mr. Hatchment! never made a coat for a gentleman of that name.

Under. Mr. Hatchment! you've a scull as thick as a tombstone.

Sheers. Mayhap so, but I'll let you know no cross-legg'd, bandy button-making, Bedford-bury, shred seller, shall rip a customer from me.

Under. Friend, depart in peace---or my cane shall make you a Memento Mori to all impertinent rascals.

Sheers. Here's a cowardly advantage! to attack a naked man---lay by your cane, and I'll talk to you.

[The undertaker throws down his cane, which Sheers takes up, and beats him with.]

Under. Oh, death and treachery! help! murder!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Hey! what's all this?

Under. A villain!---Why here's another undertaker insists that's he that's to bury your master.

Sheers. O thread and needles! I bury a gentleman! but egad you're a frolicksome taylor.

Under. Taylor!---Oh you son of a sexton! call you me a taylor! a more capital undertaker than yourself.

Sheers. Zounds, man, I'm no undertaker! I'm a taylor.

Under. And zounds, man---taylor I mean---I'm an undertaker.

Den. I perceive this mistake. *[Aside.]* One word good gentlemen mechanics---Mr. Taylor.

Sheers. Sir.

Den. My Lady is not dead.

Sheers. Your Lady not dead!

Den.

Den. No, nor my master neither.

Under. Your master not dead!

Den. No.

Under. Then perhaps he don't want to be buried.

Den. Not alive, I believe.

Under. The most good for nothing family in the parish.

Sheers. By these sheers, parchment of mine shall never cross a shoulder in it. [Exit.]

Under. Zounds, I'll go home and bury myself for the good of my family.

The Dead Alive.

Enter MAUD and Mayor.

NAY, now, don't I tell your worship you know, don't you believe any such thing—Lord! what will the folks say, to see your honour the Mayor of Coventry make so free with Tom the taylor's wife?

Mayor. Let me hear them talk, and I'll set them in the stocks---Zounds! dare they censure a Magistrate?---Let me see them wink, and there's the ducking-stool---for a nod, the cage---inuendo, the pillory---and for a malicious whisper, five hundred twirls in the whirligig.

Maud. You knew your worship I was virtuous---you know I was forced to leave madam your wife's service, because I would not let you---you know I would not be naughty with you, and sooner than do so---I was forced to take up with Tom, who, though a taylor, was honest!

Mayor. Ay! Tom's a rogue.

Maud. A rogue, and like your worship!-----Why he is a bit of a Magistrate---was not he a parish clerk, beadle and sexton at one time; and is he not now overseer and churchwarden?

Mayor.

Mayor. Aye--but who made him all this? he was no better than a clown till I took him under my wing.

Maud. He's certainly a little beholden to your worthip.

Mayor. Oh! he owes it all to your pretty face, Maud--it was for your sake,---your beauty---for you have provisions of all sorts---why you have got a beadle in that arched dimple---a constable's staff in that pretty mole---an overseer in that hazel eye---a church warden in those auburn locks---and a pair of plump aldermen in that panting bosom.

Maud. Oh! Lord, I did not think I was such a great body.

Mayor. Yes, you are, indeed you are---talk of Godiva the Earl's new married Lady, and his daughter Emma!--why I will wager that smile, against the whole kingdom of Mercia---egad, if those stars were to twinkle in the court of Glo'ster, King Edward would soon forget his vow of chastity.

S O N G.

MAYOR and MAUD.

The deuce a one but you, pretty Maud,
I love indeed 'tis true, pretty Maud,
One kiss, nay prithee hush.

Maud. I vow you made me blush;

Mayor. Like a rose-bud in a bush, pretty Maud.

Maud. Do let me go away, Mr. Mayor,
What will the people say, Mr. Mayor.

Mayor. Let them prattle as they will,
Of love I'll have my fill,
Like a dove I'll coo and bill.

Maud. You shall not coo and bill, Mr. Mayor.

Mayor. Pretty Maud, pretty Maud,
By all that's great and grand, pretty Maud;
Golden chain, and lily wand, pretty Maud.

Q

Maud.

Maud. 'Tis all of little use,
Chain and wand I must refuse,
For the needle, thimble, goose,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor.

Maud. I tell you what now, Mr. Mayor, you shall not talk to me in that way any more, that's what you shall not.

Mayor. But I will---I will tell you what---I will call upon you by and by---do not be out---I know Tom will be ringing his bells.

Maud. Lord, your honour! if your lady should know.

Mayor. My Lady, poh! poh! she's at home, God bless her, let her stay there.

Maud. Ay, but then the neighbours----

Mayor. Neighbours!---pillory---the stocks---the whirlingig---I'll tell you Maud, I'll send you a present of some French wine, that I had from Count Lewis, and egad, we'll be so snug and so comfortable; you go home and I'll be with you by and by.

Tom. (*Listening*) My wife will be a Mayor soon and I shall be an Alderman. [Exit Maud.]

Enter TOM, standing in her place.

Mayor. I'll send you the wine, and there's something to buy a bit of dinner. (*gives Tom money.*)

Tom. I'm obliged to your worship.

Mayor. (*Surprized at seeing Tom instead of Maud*) Tom, ay, ay, how do you do Tom, how do you do, how do you do.

Tom. Pretty well, I thank your worship;—but, sir, is this for a corporation dinner?

Mayor. No, no, (what the devil brings this fellow here, *aside*) pray have not you a ringing to day at the Guy of Warwick, Tom?

Tom. Oh yes, we jingle a peal of triple bobs, for a leg of mutton and trimmings.

Mayor. Egad, it's very lucky, I shall have Maud all to myself, (*aside*) Tom you are a good ringer.

Tom.

Tom. Pretty well, sir.

Mayor. Yes, you are Tom, you are, you will certainly win. Mind your bells, Tom.---Do not neglect going, you'll certainly win Tom.---But what brought you to me now, Tom?

Tom. Tho' merry I be, I never was so treated in my whole life: why you know our old mad Crazy, the beadle. I thought he might make some blunder in proclaiming of the proclamation of Earl Goodwin and his sons as traitors, so I took the bell and rung the people all about me, and there I stood like a hen and chickens, but I no sooner cried O yes! O yes! than I heard a voice like a gander in the Marshes, screaming out, O no! O no! and who should this be, but old Crazy! for I having got the city bell, he hobbled with the 'pothecary's pestle and mortar, and clattered with such a devil of a noise, folk could not hear, and because I told him to be quiet, he flew at me and tripped up the leg of old corporal Standfast, tumbled over Kit the Tinker, and overturned father Fogarty, the fat Friar, and has mauled my nose in this manner---look---he fit for an officer, indeed, an old driveller!

Mayor. Why you most impudent of all rascals, who am I?

Tom. Why, sir, you are the Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor. And did not I appoint him beadle?

Tom. Why, lord sir, he is so infirm, that when he stands at the church-door with the poor's box, his hand shakes so, that the gentlefolks charity-farthings fall out of the box---why he has not one of his twelve senses left, but scratching.

Mayor. Sirrah, he has all his talents about him---he's been a devilish shrewd fellow.

Tom. Yes, he is a man of sharp talons as my nose can testify.

Mayor. Oh! here he comes.

Enter Crazy.

Crazy. You a Mayor!--there's a fig for your crown and sceptre.

Q 2

Tom.

Tom. There your worship, the fellow has made a king of you.

Crazy. Tell me of kings---I that have seen Edward the Martyr, the glorious Alfred, and Canute the Great!

Tom. Yes, but did Canute the great give you authority to scratch my nose?

Crazy. I'll Canute you---I that have been beadle here ever since the days of Edmond Ironside.

Tom. Ay, an't a devilish clever fellow he was,

Crazy. What do you mean?

Tom. I mean that you are cursed shabby about the noddle,---you have lived a great while.

Mayor. Come be quiet, Tom---here I command you to read the proclamation---now shew him you can proclaim it right---mind in king Edward's name you are to offer a reward of five hundred marks, to any man that will bring in Goodwin, Earl of Warwick, dead or alive.

Crazy. Yes, I will---This is to give notice, that by command of Earl Goodwin, King Edward shall have five hundred marks for bringing in the head of the Mayor of Coventry, dead or alive,

Tom. That sensible fellow has made a pretty proclamation.

Crazy. Now, an't I an old chaunter?

Mayor. Yes---I'll trust you with the public affairs, but you shall have nothing to do with mine.

Tom. So---between the magistrate and his deputy, the affairs of the public are likely to do well---he has not sense enough to help you in your love affairs with the girls, as he used to do.

Mayor. I'll try him (*aside.*) Can't you contrive to keep Tom from going home?

Crazy. What, you are going to Maud?---well I will, I will.

Mayor. Mind your bells, Tom, mind your bells.

Tom. I will.

Tom. Merry are the bells
 And merry do they ring.
Crazy. Merry was myself, and merry could I sing.
Chorus. Merry is our ding-dong, happy, gay and free,
 Merry with a sing-song, merry let us be.
Mayor. Waddle goes your gait,
Tom. Hallow are your hose,
Mayor. Noddle goes your pate,
Tom. And purple is your nose.
Chorus. Merry is our ding-dong, happy, gay and free,
 And with a merry sing-song, merry let us be.
Peeping Tom of Coventry.

The BULL and BOAT.

A COMIC INTERLUDE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARCAUSE, a Justice of the Peace.

BUMKINET, first Clown.

STURDYSIDES, second Clown.

TIS I can twist and twine the clearest case,
 And plain conviction in an error trace;
 'Tis I can form, or make, or mar a cause,
 And smoothe the aspect of hard-featur'd laws.
 One man I've clear'd altho' accus'd of blood;
 Another mittimus'd for being good,
 'Tis strife and mischief brings me all my wealth,
 Therefore to none I wish or peace or health.
 To composition if I am inclin'd,
 Besure—a fellow-feeling made me kind;
 But full of rancour if my heart you deem,
 Just touch my palm, I'll not be what I seem:

You think me mercenary—you mistake me;
I'll always be good-humour'd if you'll make me.
Extended hands, you know, expect a fee;
My maxim is—to be—or not to be:
That is, by fee I shall from doubt be freed,
And for the plaintiff or defendant plead,
And him who gains me, must the freest bleed.

Enter Bumkinet.

Your worship, an't please ye, I've brought you a guinea;
I always fee first, for faith, I've no ninny,
I've a bull, you must know, us'd to graze yonder mead,
For all is but fact I shall tell you indeed;
Near this mead runs a river, your worship must know,
Where the cattle when drouthy to watering go:
My bull to go thither by thirst was compell'd,
When lo! near the margin a boat he beheld;
The water was clear, and the weather quite fine,
So he stept in the boat without any design.
This bull, like your worship, with gravity blest,
Look'd about him, and did nothing more I protest;
When the boat most feloniously stole him away,
Therefore to your worship for justice I pray.

Enter Sturdyfides.

If your worship will please to my tale to attend,
I'll make every hair of your head stand an end;
This man, whose's a scoundrel, between you and I,
Keeps a bull in a mead by the river hard by:
This bull coming down to the river to drink,
Spy'd my boat which was ty'd to a stump near the brink;
Now some rogues having stolen my cable away,
My boat I secur'd with a band made of hay;
The bull stepping into the boat, as I find,
Was much to devour the hay-band inclin'd;
Then siezing my cable he gnaw'd it amain,
And my boat's grand security sever'd in twain.
For justice I come, and for justice I ask,
And justice to give is your duty and task.

But

But before you to judgment proceed, I intreat
You'll this guinea accept—for a fee is but meet.

Marcause.

Here's boatum versus bullum, & bullum versus boatum;
Here hand me down the statutes, that I may thumb and
quote'um;

The pleas are both equal—the cases the same,
For you are not in fault, nor your neighbour to blame;
No statute to punish the bull does appear,
And the boat, was it try'd, would most surely get clear;
Therefore I'd advise that you both sue the stream,
For that stole them both as per case it must seem;
The stream then alone must your damages bring,
So Heaven keep the laws, and the lawyers, and king.

JOHNNY.

O! dear! O! dear!—The devil take all balloons I
I say—what a cursed confounded journey we have had of
it—Fan, come out—where the devil are we after all?—In
Scotland, Denmark or Ireland, or Norway, or Limbo, it
is devilish hot (*fans himself with his hat*) why Fan, where
are you Fan?

Fan. I'm here Johnny—Oh! Lord! I am so glad to set
my foot on Christian ground again.

John. Christian ground you fool! why we're in Limbo
—it must be Limbo or Greenland. Doctor what say you,
it is Greenland, is it not?—

Doc. Why man, Greenland is cold, quit the reverse of
this climate; this is either east, west or south, but which
I cannot tell. I am sure it is not north by the heat, other
conclusions I draw from other causes; I know we are a
thousand miles from our native land, from the swiftness of
our machine's motion, and the length of time we have
been in it; another conclusion is, that not knowing the
paths

paths we have come, we know not where we are—I know only that we are in a close walk of trees with houses at a distance; we may be amongst people, who pay no regard to genius, science, or invention; but may put us all to death, taking us for three witches that ride in the air.

Fan. Oh! Lord! put us all to death!—is all our fine ride in the air come to this—Oh, Lord! O Lord!

John. Ay Fan, and how the people clapped and huzza'd, when they saw us mount in the air!—They little thought they should not see us again; Gad, that was the reason may be that they seem'd so glad—for my part I was so pleas'd with my journey, I was almost out of my wits for joy;—I did not think that we should have more than a couple of hours ride. I thought we should have been picked up in Essex, Derby, or Kent, or Middlesex or thereabouts, but the devil a bit! the Doctor with all his magic could not stop it when it was set a-going.

Doc. I own I am shock'd at our adventure.

John. Well, here we are, after all— —but where, the Lord only knows.

Doc. Do you appear lighter?—I am much more heavy than in my natural element.

John. Ay Doctor, like a fish out of water.

Doc. I do not speak to you of elements.

John. I am sure, doctor, I wish you hadn't brought us out of our element.

Doc. Your soul and body is composed of one element, and that is earth, and your wife is all water.

Fan. Ay Doctor with now and then a spark of fire.

John. Damme, Doctor, you are all air, and yet you have not enough to take us back again neither.

Doc. I may be able to fill that machine again.

John. I wish you would fill our bellies in the meantime; upon my soul I am half starved.

Doc. The pure air we breath'd while so many degrees above the earth, supplied every want.

John.

John. No, not it, Doctor; you know you ate heartily of the ham and chickens, and drank more of the wine than Fan and I.

Fan. That he did.

Doc. That was only by way of experiment, I had no wants I assure you.

Fan. Lord Doctor—No wants!

Doc. None there.

Fan. Why yes, you had, you know you wanted to kiss me when you thought Johnny was asleep.

John. Zounds! stand back, yonder is a fine lady coming.

[*Doctor leaning against a wing.*

Enter first Lady.

1st La. Are you gods?

Fan. She speaks to us.

1st La. Then you are gods?

John. Gods, ma'am! no, we are three poor devils.

1st La. Devils! avaunt.

Fan. Don't go to fend us back again, we have had enough of it, I assure you.

1st La. Be ye gods or devils, in these shades you must not remain a moment.

John. Why where the devil are we?

1st La. In the dominions of the great Mogul!

Fan. The great Mogul!

John. The great Mogul! Oh, oh, oh.

Doc. Oh, ho, ho, ho,

1st La. In the seraglio of his favourite concubines, where no mortal but himself dare approach in human shape, except our wretched sex, and eunuchs who are our guards.

John. Eunuchs! Lord, madam, they are of no sex at all—we have often heard, madam, of the Great Mogul. Why Lord, he can't be jealous of me, and as to the Doctor there, he is nobody—it is all over with him, he has no longer any inflammable air about him, either in his balloon or himself; its all gone, isn't it, Doctor?

Is

Fan. I am very faint; I am sure it is near a month since we left Hyde Park corner.

1st La. Hyde Park corner!

Fan. Yes, just by the turnpike going to Knightbridge.

John. And after sailing a month like a poor school-boy's kite, we are thrown at last into the jaws of that damn'd cut-throat dog the Great Mogul.

1st La. What do you say?

John. I didn't mean your Mogul, madam.

1st La. You must take care what you say, you are my fellow creatures, and you are brought here by this strange machine—take care, the Mogul Eunuchs are constantly on the watch, the time draws nigh, when they will enter this dwelling: be prepared to give an account of yourselves, who, and what you are, and substantial excuses for your being found here, or you assuredly die in misery.

John. Doctor! why damme Doctor, what's the matter with you?—you are hip'd, Doctor, damme, I say what's the matter with you?—Contrive something to say to the Great Mogul.

Doc. I cannot contrive any thing.

Fan. You contriv'd the Balloon and be hang'd to you, and you contriv'd to get us here; now contrive to take us back again.

Doc. At present I cannot, all my inflammable air is gone.

John. I told you so—its all over with him, and with us too, I fear.

Fan. Oh, dear Johnny, what will become of us, what will become of us?

John. Come, don't cry, Fan, we shall see our children again, never fear.

1st Lady. As to that female, she has nothing to apprehend for herself, she will be saved from death, and most likely exalted to the embraces of the Great Mogul.

Fan. I had rather not, madam, if it's all the same to you.

1st Lady.

1st Lady. I only speak of what is probable; but prepare an excuse, I must call here the eunuch and inform him of what has happen'd, or we shall be greatly suspected, and punished with you.

John. Pray madam, are these eunuchs a good sort of gentlemen?

1st Lady. They are severe, but they do but their duty—They obey their master, who meant them to be severe—if possible make them your friends, by all means.

[*Exit 1st Lady.*]

John. Doctor, what shall we do; what the devil shall we do?

Doc. I shall fare the worst, the Mogul will consider me as some important personage, some capital conspirator, perhaps, and I have no doubt, but he will arrest me, and flea me alive.

John. And I have no doubt but he'll arrest me too.

Fan. Ay, he will eat us all alive; you would come, Johnny.

John. And you would come, Fanny.

Fan. That was because you should not come alone, Johnny.

John. Zounds, stand back—there's a damn'd black fellow coming—I'll say I am woman in men's cloths.

Fan. Oh no, don't, Johnny, who knows but the Great Mogul will fall in love with you!

Enter 1st Eunuch.

1st Eu. What are you that float in air—you must appear before the Great Mogul, to answer with your lives for this audacity. Who was that being that brought you here?

John. He—that being there—the Doctor.

Doc. Must the woman go too?

1st Eu. Yes.

John. O sir, we'll follow you. (*Exit Eu.*) Damn it, Doctor this comes of your haram scarum things.

Mogul Tale:

Tom.

I Have a great fancy to know what Maud and the Mayorefs have done—Lord how I long to know what fuccesfs they have had, or whether they will forgiye the tax—Oh, there's Maud come back, I hear her voice.

Maud. (without) Oh, Madam, I'll only tell Tom. *(entering)* Oh, Tom, here we have got the young lady Emma in the houfe—have you feen the Countefs?

Tom. I know what we have got—but tell me fhall we get the tax off; you all went, and were you all there?

Maud. Yes, there we went, and we were all admitted to Lady Godiva's prefence.

Tom. O Lord, that was pleafant.

Maud. So it was, Tom—we all fell a-crying.

Tom. How did you manage that, Maud?—I never faw you cry in all my life.

Maud. I only made believe—then we all fell on our knees, and then we got up again.

Tom. Yes, yes, oh I fee—I fee you did!

Maud. Then the Countefs fhe heard our petitions, and fhe asked my lord to pardon the city—no, faid his lordship, that I will not—I have fworn that the power of man fhall not perfuade me—yes, but fays fhe, the power of woman may, and I am a woman, fays fhe.

Tom. Oh, fhe need not have told him that.

Maud. And fays her ladyship, I am a good woman and your wife; and you, as a good husband, ought to do as I bid you.

Tom. She was a little out there.

Maud. Says the Earl, as you are a good woman, I will forgive the tax only on one condition—What's that, fays my lady? It is, fays he, only if you will ride through the city of Coventry naked, without a rag of clothes on.

Tom. What?

Maud. Now he only joked; having no notion fhe would

would do it—but she having the good of our city at heart, took him at his word, and is actually now preparing for it.

Tom. Lady Godiva ride a horse-back—all through the city, without any—well! if ever—

Maud. Now you are all agog, with your nonsensical curiosity.

Tom. I have no curiosity.

Maud. Tom, Tom, our fortune is made, for as Lady Emma has taken shelter in our house—

Tom. Our house—ride—so, so!—

Maud. But here's a young peasant in her company.

Tom. Company? then I suppose she will have nothing at all.

Maud. 'Tis very odd, for she seems to have a sight of money.

Tom. Sight of money—such a sight!

Maud. Hang the man, is he grown stupid—what are you thinking of, Tom?

Tom. I was thinking of a side saddle.

Maud. Was there ever such a fool! But I must go and attend Lady Emma, so I will leave you to ride on your side saddle yourself. [Exit.

Tom. Talk of a coronation! 'tis no more to this—Lady Godiva is a procession in herself; I must go in time to procure a good place—shall I ask Maud to go—no, no, the sight would be lost upon Maud—but I'll go—

Enter Mayor.

Tom. What brings you here, sir?

Mayor. Well, Tom, I suppose you have heard?

Tom. Yes, sir.

Mayor. Lady Godiva, in her progress thro' the city, passes by your house here.

Tom. Gad, sir, that's lucky, I shall have an opportunity of seeing her nicely.

Mayor. Yes, and you will have an opportunity of hanging in hemp nicely at your own door—the streets are to

R

be

be cleared—all the windows and houses to be fasten'd up, no person on pain of death, to be seen of the male kind.

Tom. Me—do you think I would look, fir.—I wish I could get him out of the house—Why need your worship be in a hurry to go?

Mayor. I am in a hurry to go, Tom.

Tom. It's a fine day abroad, fir.

Mayor. But every body must stay at home.

Tom. Well, if you will go home, you must—good bye to you.

Mayor. What, are you going, Tom?

Tom. Yes, fir; I wish you a good-bye fir, I will not stay in this room while Lady Godiva passes, it commands such a prospect.

Mayor. Gad that's true, from that window I could have a charming peep, if this fellow was but out of the way.

[*Aside.*

Tom. I'll go down and lock myself in the cellar to avoid temptation.

Mayor. Do, Tom—that's a good boy, and I'll go home, Tom!

Tom. Good-bye to you, fir.

Mayor. Good-bye to you, Tom.

Tom. So you are going home, fir?

Mayor. Yes, I am going home, now do you go and lock yourself up in the cellar.

Tom. Yes, I will, fir, good-bye, fir.

Mayor. Good-bye, Tom!

Tom. Good-bye, fir.

Mayor. Good-bye.

[*Exit severally.*

Re-enter Mayor.

Mayor. By this time, Lady Godiva's past the cross, all is clear, and foolish Tom has lock'd himself up in the cellar, and thinks I am gone home—she cannot be far off now—I shall have a charming peep at her from that window—I'll go and look for something to put on the table.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Tom.

Tom. By this time his worship's at home, curst troublesome old hound, and Lady Godiva must be at hand—I think I hear her horse's feet—the clinking of their hoofs is far sweeter than a hautboy. (*Drags a stool, and puts it on a table, and gets up.*) There, there, she is turning the corner.

Mayor. I can find nothing—I'll try to reach the window upon my tip-toes, though I break my neck for it, (*in striving to get up, he catches Tom in his arms*) Oh, you villain, I caught you peeping.

Tom. Sir, I was only going to take in the cock-chaf-finch.

Mayor. Come down, I'll have you hang'd—I came here only on the look out.

Peeping Tom of Coventry.

LORD HASTINGS, (*Entering.*)

THIS foolish woman hangs about my heart,
Lingers and wanders in my fancy still;
This coyness is put on; 'tis art and cunning,
And worn to urge desire—I must possess her.
The groom that rais'd his saucy hand against me,
Ere this is humbled and repents his daring.
Perhaps, ev'n she may profit by th' example,
And teach her beauty not to scorn my pow'r.

Gloss. This do, and wait me ere the council sits.

[*Exit Rat. and Cat.*]

My lord, you're well encountred; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her;
Alas, her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;

R 2

How

How much for your good sake we meant to do,
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your service.

Gloft. You know your friendship is most potent with us,
And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matters for your ear:

The state is out of tune; distracting fears,
And jealous doubts jar in our public councils;
Amidst the wealthy city, murmurs rise,
Lewd railings, and reproach, on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man are broke.
The golden streams of commerce are with-held,
Which feed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

Hast. The resty knaves are over-run with ease.
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction:
If in good days like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton and repine; it is
Because the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Gloft. Beshrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and mis-rule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak; hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And sum of all complaints: 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus you talk) while children govern.

Hast. 'Tis true the king is young, but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant Sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Gloft. The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't)
Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of power and subject to controul;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.

Oh, worthy Lord! were mine the rule indeed,
 I think I should not suffer rank offence
 At large to lord it in the common weal;
 Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
 Thus fear and doubt betwixt disputed titles.

Hast. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
 A doubt like this——

Gloft. Ay, marry, but there is——
 And that of much concern. Have you not heard
 How on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw
 Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
 Of Edward's issue? By right grave authority
 Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
 A bastard scion never should be grafted
 Upon a royal stock; from thence, at full
 Discourfing on my brother's former contract
 To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before
 His jolly match with that fame buxom widow
 The Queen he left behind him——

Hast. Ill befall
 Such meddling priests who kindle up confusion
 And vex the quiet world with vain scruples;
 By Heav'n 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
 Did not the King
 Our royal Master, Edward, in concurrence
 With his Estates affembled, well determine
 What courfe the fovereign rule should take henceforward?
 When fhall the deadly hate of faction ceafe,
 When fhall our long divided land have reft,
 If every peevifh, moody malcontent
 Shall fet the fenfelefs rabble in an uproar?
 Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
 Each day with fome fantaftic giddy change?

Gloft. What if fome patriot for the public good
 Should vary from your fcheme; new-mould the ftate?

Hast. Curfe on the innovating hand attempts it!
 Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven
 In thy great day of vengeance! blaft the traitor

And his pernicious councils; who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars.

Gloſt. You go too far, my Lord.

Hast. Your Highness' pardon——

Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles;
Ahen like a matron, butcher'd by her sons,
Wnd cast besides some common way a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein,
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd?
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction; peasants trod upon
The necks of nobles: low were lain
The reverend crozier and holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart,
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more the scene of blood before us?

Gloſt. How now! so hot!

Hast. So brave, and so resolv'd.

Gloſt. Is our friendship then of so little moment,
That you could arm thy hand against my life?

Hast. I hope your Highness does not think I mean it.
No, Heav'n forbid that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.

Gloſt. O! noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace you;

[Embraces him.]

By holy Paul! y'are a right honest man;
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not:
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If when I meant to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,

And

And live your king and country's best support;
 For me I ask no more than honour gives,
 To think me yours and rank me with your friends.

Hast. Accept what thanks a grateful heart should pay.
 O! princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,
 Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
 If, when the public safety is in question,
 My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

Gloft. Enough of this: to deal in wordy compliment
 Is much against the plainness of my nature;
 I judge you myself, a clear true spirit,
 And, as such, once more join you to my bosom:
 Farewell, and be my friend. *[Exit Gloster.]*

Hast. I am not read,
 Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
 To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
 The Duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
 Ev'n on the tenderest point; the master-string
 That makes most harmony or discord to me.
 I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
 And my soul's darling passion stands confest;
 Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band.
 Beyond myself I prize my native land;
 On this foundation would I build my fame,
 And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
 Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
 And die with pleasure for my country's good.

Jane Shore.

GLOSTER.

OH! you are come most fitly. We have ponder'd
 On this your grievance; and tho' some there are,
 Nay, and those great ones too, who would enforce
 The rigour of our pow'r to afflict you,
 And bear a heavy hand, yet fear not you,
 We've ta'en you to our favour, our protection
 Shall stand between, and shield you from mishap.

J. Sh.

J. Sh. The blessing of a heart with anguish broken,
And rescu'd from despair, attend your Highness.
Alas! my gracious Lord, what have I done
To kindle such relentless wrath against me?
If in the days of all my past offences,
When most my heart was lifted with delight,
If I with-held my morsel from the hungry,
Forgot the widow's want, and orphan's cry;
If I have known a good I have not shared,
Nor call'd the poor to take his portion with me,
Let my worst enemies stand forth, and now
Deny the succour which I gave not them.

Gloft. Marry there are, tho' I believe them not,
Who say you meddle in affairs of state:
That you presume to prattle like a busy-body,
Give your advice, and teach the Lords o'th'council
What fits the order of the common weal.

J. Sh. Oh that the busy world, at least in this,
Would take example from a wretch like me?
None then would waste their hours in foreign thoughts,
Forget themselves and what concerns their peace,
To tread the mazes of fantastic falsehood,
To haunt her idle sounds and flying tales,
Thro' all the giddy noisy courts of rumour;
Malicious slander never would have leisure
To search with prying eyes for faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider'd their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.

Gloft. Go to! I know your pow'r, and tho' I trust not
To every breath of fame, I'm not to learn
That Hastings is professed your loving vassal.
But fair befall your beauty: use it wisely,
And it may stand your fortunes much in stead,
Give back your forfeit land with large increase,
And place you high in safety and in honour:
Nay, I could point a way, the which pursuing,
You shall not only bring yourself advantage,
But give the realm much worthy cause to thank you.

J. Sh.

J. Sh. Oh! where or how?—Can my unworthy hand
Become an instrument of good to any?
Instruct your lowly slave, and let me fly
To yield obedience to your dread command. [well.

Gloſt. Why, that's well ſaid—Thus then—O ſerve me
The ſtate, for many high and potent reaſons
Deeming my brother Edward's ſon unfit
For the imperial weight of England's crown—

J. Sh. Alas! for pity.

[*Aſide.*

Gloſt. Therefore have reſolv'd
To ſet aſide their unavailing infancy,
And veſt the ſov'reign rule in abler hands.
This tho' of great importance to the public,
Haſtings for very peeviſhneſs and ſpleen,
Does ſtubbornly oppoſe.

J. Sh. Does he? does Haſtings?

Gloſt. Ay, Haſtings.

J. Sh. Reward him for the noble deed, juſt Heavens:
For this one action, guard and diſtinguiſh him
With ſignal mercies, and with great deliverance,
Save him from wrong, adverſity and ſhame.
Let never-fading honours flouriſh round him,
And conſecrate his name ev'n to time's end;
Let him know nothing elſe but good on earth,
And everlaſting bleſſedneſs hereafter.

Gloſt. How now!

J. Sh. The poor forſaken, royal little ones!
Shall they be left a prey to ſavage power!
Can they liſt up their harmleſs hands in vain,
Or cry to Heaven for help, and not be heard!
Impoſſible! O gallant generous Haſtings,
Go on, purſue, aſſert the ſacred cauſe!
Stand forth, thou proxy of all-ruling Providence,
And ſave the friendleſs infant from oppreſſion.
Saints ſhall aſſiſt thee with prevailing prayers,
And warring angels combat on thy ſide.

Gloſt. You're paſſing rich in this ſame heavenly ſpeech,
And

And spend it at your pleasure. Nay, but mark me!
My favour is not bought with words like these :
Go to—you'll teach your tongue another tale.

J. Sh. No, tho' the royal Edward has undone me,
He was my King, my gracious master still ;
He lov'd me too, tho' 'twas a guilty flame,
And fatal to my peace, yet still he lov'd me ;
With fondness and with tenderness he doated,
Dwelt in my eyes, and liv'd but in my smiles.
And can I——O my heart abhors the thought!
Stand by, and see his children robb'd of right ? [ther.

Gloft. Dare not, ev'n for thy soul, to thwart me fur-
None of your arts, your feigning, and your foolery ;
Your dainty, squeamish, coying it to me.
Go—to your Lord, your paramour, begone ;
Lisp in his ear, hang wanton on his neck,
And play your monkey gambols o'er to him :
You know my purpose, look that you pursue it,
And make him yield obedience to my will.
Do it——or woe upon thy harlot's head.

J. Sh. O that my tongue had ev'ry grace of speech,
Great and commanding as the breath of kings,
Sweet as the poets numbers, and prevailing
As soft persuasion to a love-sick maid :
That I had art and eloquence divine !
To pay my duty to my master's ashes,
And plead to death the cause of injur'd innocence.

Gloft. Ha! dost thou brave me, minion! Dost thou
know
How vile, how very a wretch, my pow'r can make thee ;
That I can let loose fear, distress and famine,
To hunt thy heels, like hell-hounds thro' the world ;
That I can place thee in such an abject state,
As help shall never find thee ; where repining,
Thou shalt sit down, and gnaw the earth for anguish,
Howl like the midnight wolf amidst the desert,
And curse thy life in bitterness and misery ?

J. Sh.

J. Sh. Let me be branded for the public scorn,
Turn'd forth and driven to wander like a vagabond,
Be friendless, and forsaken, seek my bread
Upon the barren wild, and desolate waste,
Feed on my sighs, and drink my falling tears;
Ere I consent to teach my lips injustice,
Or wrong the orphan who has none to save him.

Gloft. 'Tis well—we'll try the temper of your heart.
What, ho! Who waits without?

Enter Ratcliffe, Catesby, and Attendants.

Rat. Your highness' pleasure—

Gloft. Go some of you, and turn this strumpet forth!
Spurn her into the street, there let her perish,
And rot upon a dunghill. Thro' the city
See it proclaim'd, that none, on pain of death,
Perfume to give her comfort, food or harbour?
Who ministers the smallest comfort, dies.
Her house, her costly furniture and wealth,
'The purchase of her loose luxurious life,
We seize on, for the profit of the state.
Away! Be gone!

[*Exit.*

J. Sh. O thou most righteous Judge——
Humbly behold, I bow myself to thee,
And own thy justice in this hard decree:
No longer then my riper offences spare,
But what I merit, let me learn to bear.
Yet since 'tis all my wretchedness can give,
For my past crimes my forfeit life receive!
No pity for my sufferings here I crave,
And only hope forgiveness in the grave.

Jane Shore.

HAMLET.

ANGELS and ministers of grace defend us?
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring

Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! answer me,
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
 Why thy bones hears'd in canonized earth,
 Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
 That thou, dead corse, again in compleat steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and us fools of nature;
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say why is this? wherefore, what shall we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

[*Holding Hamlet.*]

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear!

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;

And for my soul what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as its self?

It waves me forth again.—I'll follow it—

Hor. What if it tempt you towards the flood, my Lord?

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,

That beetles o'er his base into the sea;

And there assume some horrible form,

Which might deprive your sov'reignty of reason,

And

And draw you into madness? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still: go on, I'll follow thee—

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd? unhand me, gentlemen—

[*Breaking from them.*]

By Heav'n, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me—
I say, away.—Go on—I'll follow thee—

[*Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Hor. He waxes desp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no fur—

Ghost. Mark me.

[*ther.*]

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and to tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I'm bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;

S

Doom'd

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And for the day, confin'd to fast in fires;
 'Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
 Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. Lift, lift, oh lift!
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love——

Ham. O Heav'n!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
 As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
 May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
 'Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life
 Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
 (Oh wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust

The

The will of my most seeming virtuous Queen.
 O, *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
 I made to her in marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch whose nat'ral gifts were poor
 To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage. —————

But soft, methinks I scent the morning air —————
 Brief let me be: — sleeping within my orchard,
 My custom always in the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of curst hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leprous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quick-silver it courses through
 The nat'ral gates and alleys of the body;
 And with sudden vigour it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of Queen at once dispatch;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd;
 No reckn'ning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.
 Oh horrible! oh horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught, leave her to Heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me.

[Exit.]

Ham. Oh all you host of heaven! oh earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? oh hold, my heart—
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;
But bear me stilly up: Remember thee!—
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe: Remember thee!—
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms and pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandments all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixt with baser matter. Yes, by Heav'n:
O most pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark; [Writing.]
So, uncle, there you are: now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu, remember me:*
I've sworn it——

HAMLET.

TO be, or not to be: that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And

And by opposing end them.—To die—to sleep—
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
 To sleep—perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub—
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their current turn away,
 And lose the name of action.

Hamlet.

LOTHARIO.

TO tell thee then the purport of my thoughts,
 The loss of this fond paper would not give me
 A moment of disquiet, were it not

S 3

My

My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont ;
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.

Ross. I wish you, Sir, to think upon the danger
Of being seen; to-day their friends are round 'em,
And any eye that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your life and safety to the hazard.

[*They confer aside.*]

Enter Horatio.

Hor. St'ill I must doubt some mystery of mischief,
Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father!
I knew him well; he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful councils;
But of a cold, inactive hand in war;
Yet with these coward's virtues he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend:
This son, if I mistake not, is more hot,
More open and unartful.—Ha! he's here! [*Seeing him.*]

Loth. Damnation! He again!—This second time
To-day he's cross'd me like my evil genius.

Hor. I fought you, Sir.

Loth. 'Tis well then I am found.

Hor. 'Tis well you are; The man who wrongs my
To the earth's utmost verge would I pursue! [*friend.*]
No place, tho' e'er so holy should protect him;
No shape that art or fear e'er form'd should hide him,
'Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.

Loth. Ha! dost thou know me, that I am Lothario?
As great a name as this proud city boasts of.
Who is this mighty man then, this Horatio,
That I should basely hide me from his anger,
Lest he should chide me for his friend's displeasure?

Hor. The brave, 'tis true, do never shun the light.
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers,
Freely without disguise they love and hate,
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And heav'n and men are judges of their actions.

Loth.

Loth. Such let 'em be of mine ; there's not a purpose
Which my soul e'er fram'd, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durst do, have dar'd to justify.

Hor. Where was this open boldness, this free spirit,
When but this very morning I surpris'd thee,
In base, dishonest privacy, consulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
'To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour ?
At the sight of me thou fled'st,
And with a forg'd contrivance, blast her virtue. —

Loth. Ha! fled from thee?

Hor. Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee, like a thief,
A pilferer descry'd in some dark corner,
Who there had lodg'd with mischievous intent
To rob and ravage at the hour of rest,
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers.

Loth. Slave, villain!

[*Offers to draw, Rossano holds him.*

Ross. Hold, my Lord! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.

Loth. Then since thou dost provoke my vengeance,
I would not for this city's wealth, for all [know
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
'The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth and water,
Or any common benefit of nature :
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be conceal'd ?
Oh no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull doating husband : now I have found him ;
And thou art he.

Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury lik this :

Yet

Yet mark me well, young Lord; I think Calista
 Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
 To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
 'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
 To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,
 And mark it with a noble lady's name:
 These are the mean, dishonest arts of cowards;
 Strangers to manhood, and to glorious danger;
 Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
 Ranfack for mistresses th' unwholesome stews,
 And never knew the worth of virtuous love.

Loth. Think'st thou I forg'd the letter? Think so still,
 'Till broad shame come staring in thy face,
 And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.

Hor. Away! no woman could descend so low:
 A skipping dancing worthless tribe you are,
 Fit only for yourselves: You herd together!
 And when the circling glass warm your vain hearts,
 You talk of beauties that you never saw,
 And fancy raptures that you never knew.
 Legends of saints, who never yet had being,
 Or being, ne'er were saints, are not so false,
 As the fond tales which you recount of love.

Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leisure,
 I could produce such damning proof——

Hor. 'Tis false:
 You blast the fair with lies because they scorn you,
 Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence:
 Rather than make you blest, they would die virgins,
 And stop the propagation of mankind.

Loth. It is the curse of fools to be secure;
 And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on:
 Nor think upon my vengeance, 'till thou feel'st it.

Hor. Hold, sir, another word, and then farewell;
 Tho' I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
 And hold it far beyond thy power to hurt;
 Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont;

That

That treasure of a soldier bought with blood,
 And kept at life's expence, I must not have
 (Mark me, young fir) her very name profan'd.
 Learn to restrain the licence of your speech;
 'Tis held you are too lavish: When you are met
 Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
 Of dice, of whores, of horses, and yourselves;
 'Tis safer, and becomes your understanding.

Loth. What if we pass beyond this solemn order?
 And if, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
 Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose,
 And use this sacred friendship for our mirth?

Hor. 'Tis well, fir, you are pleasant—

Loth. By all the joys
 Which my soul has yet uncontroul'd pursu'd,
 I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,
 Tho' all thy force were arm'd to bar my way:
 But like the birds, great nature's happy commoners,
 That haunts in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
 Rife the sweets, and choicest fruits,
 Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,
 That thou should'st dare provoke me unchastis'd?
 But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my walks:
 If in the bounds of yon forbidden place
 Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,
 Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
 Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n death:
 Or something worse! an injur'd husband's vengeance
 Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fine form
 And scatter thee to all the winds of heaven.

Loth. Is then my way in Genoa prescrib'd,
 By a dependent on the wretched Altamont,
 A talking fir, that brawls for him in taverns,
 And vouches for his valour's reputation?

Hor. Away, thy speech is fouler than thy manners.

Loth. Or if there be a name more vile, his parasite,
 A beggar's parasite!

Hor.

Hor. Now learn humility,

(Offers to strike him, Rossano interposes.

Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

Loth. Damnation!

(They draw.

Ross. Hold! it goes no farther here.

Hor. 'Tis too much: already see,

The crowd are gath'ring to us.

Loth. O Rossano!

Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

Ross. Sciolto's servants, too, have ta'en th'alarm;

You'll be oppress'd by numbers: be advis'd

Or must I force you hence; take't on my word,

You shall have justice done you on Horatio;

Put up, my lord.

Loth. This won't brook delay;

West of the town a mile among the rocks,

Two hours ere noon to-morrow I expect thee,

Thy single hand to mine.

Hor. I'll meet thee there.

Loth. To-morrow, oh my better stars! to-morrow

Exert your influence, shine strongly for me;

'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,

Since love, as well as arms, must grace my triumph.

(Exeunt Lothario and Rossano.

Hor. Two hours ere noon to-morrow! ha! ere that

He sees Calista! oh, unthinking fool—

What if I urge her with the crime and danger?

If any spark from Heav'n remain unquench'd

Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it:

Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt

My combat with that loud vain glorious boaster.

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,

Did you but think how seldom fools are just,

So many of your sex would not in vain,

Of broken vows, and faithless men, complain;

Of all the various wretches love has made,

How few have been by men of sense betray'd?

Convinc'd

Convinc'd by reason, they your power confess,
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
And conscious of your worth can never love you less. }
Fair Penitent.

In IMITATION of Mr. ROWE.

WERE you, ye gamesters, cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but know how seldom fortune's just,
So many silly dupes would not in vain
Of broken credit—and of fate complain:
Of all the various wretches play has made,
How few have been upon the square betray'd?
Convinc'd by reason we a slight detect,
Nor practise what we treat with disrespect,
Convinc'd that truth will honestly protect. }

MERCUTIO.

O Then I see queen Mab hath been with you;
She is Fancy's mid-wife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep,
Her waggon-spokes made of long spiders legs;
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers!
The traces, of the smallest spider's web!
The collars of the moon-shine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone, the lash of film;
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,

Prick'd

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazle nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies coach makers:
 And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love;
 On courtiers knees, that dream on curt'sies straight:
 O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dreams on fees;
 O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream;
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then he dreams of smelling out a suit;
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe pig's tail,
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep;
 Then dreams he of another benefice;
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again.

Romeo and Juliet.

ROMEO.

HE jests on scars that never felt a wound—
 But soft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

(Juliet appears above at a window.)

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid, art far more fair than she.
 She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it;
 I am too bold—Oh were those eyes in heav'n,
 They'd through the airy region stream so bright,

That

That birds would sing, and think it were the morn :
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek !

Jul. Ah me !

Rom. She speaks, she speaks !
O speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from heav'n
To the up-turn'd wond'ring eyes of mortals,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. Romeo, Romeo—wherefore art thou Romeo ?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name :
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ? *Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy ;
What is a name ? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title ; Romeo, quit thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, I will forswear my name,
And never more be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk an hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and for what?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
For stony limits cannot hold love out; [walls,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes:
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As the vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would venture for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment:
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,
And I will take thy word—yet if thou swearest,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers perjuries
They say Jove laughs. Oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if you think I am too quickly won,
I'll be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Mountague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But

But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love
Which the night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th'inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Well, do not swear at all;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love—

Jul. Well, do not swear—Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning that does cease to be
Ere one can say, it lightens—sweet, good night,
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th'exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it,
And yet I would it were to give again. [love?]

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose,

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu.

[Nurse calls within.]

Anon, good nurse.—Sweet Mountague, be true;
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid
Being in night, all this is but a dream!
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed :
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose, marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee.
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite ;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within*: Madam.

I come anon—but thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee——[*Within*; Madam.] By and by I
come——

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief,
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good night. [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift! O for a falk'ner's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again—
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,—
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her angry tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. What a clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years 'till then—
I have forgot why did I call thee back.

Rom.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll stay here to have thee still forget ;
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
That let's it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread pulls it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I was thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I should say good night 'till it be morrow.

[Exit.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace : sweet, to rest !
Henc will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

Romeo and Juliet.

OTHELLO.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little blest'd with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest actions in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,

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More

More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with.

Othello.

BURLESQUE on the foregoing.

MOST potent, gay, irreverend signiors,
 My very noble and approv'd good fellows;
 That I have been a vagrant strolling player,
 It is most true; true; I have been a mummer;
 The very head and front of my profession,
 Hath this extent; no more. Loud am I in speech,
 And little bless'd with the smooth phrase of towns;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
 'Till now some nine months wasted, have they us'd
 Their dearest action in the rafted barn;
 And little of the theatre can I speak,
 More than pertains to claps, and groans and hisses;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of life; what cork, what brickdust,
 What poverty, and what mighty shifts,
 (For such calamities I've met withal)
 Rank me with your honours.

IAGO.

THAT *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe;
 That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.

The

The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
 Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
 And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Desdemona*,
 A most dear husband. Now I love her too,
 Not out of absolute lust, (tho', peradventure,
 I stand accountant for as great a sin;)
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lustful Moor
 Hath leapt into my seat: the thought whereof
 Doth like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
 And nothing can, or shall, content my soul,
 'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;
 Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong,
 That judgment cannot cure: which thing to do,
 If this poor brach of *Venice*, whom I trace
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb;
 (For I fear *Cassio* with my night-cap, too)
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass;
 And practising upon his peace and quiet,
 Even to madness. 'Tis here—but yet confus'd:
 Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

Othello.

OTHELLO.

EXCELLENT wench!—Perdition catch my soul,
 But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd my lady,
 know of your love?

Oth.

Oth. He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us, very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught of
Is he not honest? [that?

Iago. Honest, my lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest,

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord!—

Oth. Think, my lord! why, by heav'n thou echo'st me,
As if there were some monster in thy thought,
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, *thou lik'st not that*—
When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'dst, *indeed!*
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost,

And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath;
Therefore those stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom: but, in a man's that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago.

Iago. Men should be what they seem,
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain; men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst
Of thoughts the worst of words.

Iago. Good, my lord, pardon me.

Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts!—Why, say they're vile and false;
As where's that palace where into foul things
Sometimes intrude not?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess—
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,
From one that so improbably conceits,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble,
Out of my scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash: 'tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts—

Iago.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good Heav'n, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon,
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd.

'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from my own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt:
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this: for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you,
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof;
Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*;
Wear your eye, thus: not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't,

I know.

I know our country's disposition well;
In *Venice* they do let Heav'n see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands: their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to, then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up close as oak—
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this has a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issue, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my worthy
My lord, I see, you're mov'd— [friend:

Oth. No, not much mov'd—

I do not think but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself—

Iago. Ay, there's the point;— as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see, in all things nature tends.

Foh!

Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her; tho' I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, to repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell;

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife t'observe. Leave me, *Iago*.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

[*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry?

This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would I might intreat your honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability;
Yet, if you please to hold him off a-while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your Lady strain his entertainment,
With any strong or vehement importunity,
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Othello.*]

IAGO.

I WILL in *Cassio's* lodging lose this handkerchief,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something;
The Moor already changes with my poisons.

Enter

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowfy fyrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, general? No more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou'st fet me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well; was free and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips.
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am not sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all) had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewell!
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, oh, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove's* dead clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello's* occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore.
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[*Catching hold of him.*

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog, *Iago*,

U

Than

Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't; or, at least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head, horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing can'st thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh, grace! oh Heav'n, defend me!
Are you a man? Have you a soul? or sense?
Heav'n be w'you; take mine offence. O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
Oh, monstrous world! Take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe!
I thank you for this profit, and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay—Thou should'st be honest—

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses what it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think, my wife is honest; and think, she is not;
I think, that thou art just; and think, thou art not;
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As *Diana's* visage, is now begrim'd and black,
As my own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure't—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied!

Oth. Would! nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? How satisfied, my lord,
Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?
Beholder——?

Oth.

Oth. Death and damnation! Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect. Damn them, then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross,
As ignorance made-drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But since I'm enter'd into this cause so far,
Prick't to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio*, lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.——
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleep will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Cassio*.
In sleep, I heard him say, "Sweet *Desdemona*,
"Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;"
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand;
Cry,—“Oh sweet creature!” and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; and then
Cry, “Curst fate! that gave thee to the Moor.”

Oth. Oh, monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest, yet—Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
(I'm sure, it was your wife's) did I to day,
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that——

Iago. If it be that, or any, that was her's,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak, for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true—Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone.——

Arise, black vengeance, from the unhallowed cell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood——

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

Oth. Never *Iago*. Like to the *Pontick* sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on,
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellefont*;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up—Now, by yon marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow,
I here engage my words—

[*He kneels.*]

Iago. Do not rise yet.

[*Iago kneels.*]

Witness, ye ever burning lights above!
Ye elements that clepe us round about!
Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up

The

The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* service. Let him command,
And not to obey, shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but, with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't.
Within these three days let me hear thee say.
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done, at your request. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh damn her, damn her;
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death,
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant—

Iago. I am your own for ever.

Othello.

FARMER.

THERE, stay within doors since you can't walk out
without having gentlemen after you.

Betty. La! father, the gentlemen are so tempting, ha!
ha! ha!

Farm. Odsbobs! I command you not to let him speak
to you.

Betty. If a gentleman's going to speak, wou'dn't it be
very rude in me to stop his mouth?

Farm. Then always get out of his way.

Betty. That I certainly shall, if he's on horseback.

Farm. Zounds, hussy! cou'dn't you turn and walk
from him!

Betty. So I did, and he turn'd and walk'd from me;
but walking on all round the field, 'till we came to the
opposite side, there we met face to face, you know, and
then! ha! ha! ha! oh precious!

A I R.

To hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet,
 This morning I put on my bonnet,
 But scarce in the meadow, pies on't,
 When the Captain appears in my view.

I felt an odd sort of sensation,
 My heart beat an odd palpitation,
 I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
 When says he, "my dear, how do you do?"

The devil sure, says I, here has pop'd him,
 I, therefore, to slip by, but I stop'd him,
 So my very best curt'sy I dropt him;
 With an air then he bobs off his hat.
 He seem'd with my person enchanted,
 He squeezed my hand, how my heart panted!
 He ask'd for a kiss, and I granted,
 And pray now, what harm was in that?

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me?
 He said, a fine lady he'd make me,
 No, dem him, he'd never forsake me,
 And then on his knee he flop'd down.
 His handkerchief smelt so sweetly,
 His white teeth he shew'd so completely,
 He manag'd the matter so neatly,
 I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown.

Farm. Ecod, if neighbour Stubble's step-son, Jemmy,
 was come home from London, he should take you off my
 hands this very evening.

Enter Farmer Stubble, joyful.

Farm. Stub. Hey! Betty! your sweet-heart Jemmy's
 without.

Farm. B. What, Jemmy Jumps! ecod, now I'm happy.

Betty. Pray, has London made him very like a gen-
 tleman?

Farm.

Farm. Stub. Was'nt it for that, merely to please you; that I sent him there? [*Jemmy singing without.*]

Farm. B. Ecod, here he comes, gay as a lark, fine as a butter-fly, stout as a cork, and merry as a cricket.

Betty. Ay, here comes the London beau!

Enter Jemmy, dress'd in the extravagance of fashion.

Jemmy. Gemmen I'm your's! Mem, I'm your most, (*struts and flourishes.*) Dad, (*apart to Stubble.*) hope you did'nt tell you had me 'prenticed to a stay-maker in London?

Betty. Lud! he looks quite rakish. [*admiring.*]

Jemmy. My dear, I kiss your hand.

Farm. B. Ecod, if you go no nigher, your dear must stretch a long arm.

Betty. Why that was only compliment, what they say in London.

Farm. B. O! then, in London, saying and doing are two things.

Farm. Stub. But, Jemmy, here's neighbour Blackberry.

Jemmy. Eh! ha! (*looking at Farmer Blackberry through a flat eye glass.*)

Farm. B. Oh! ho! (*takes out a large key and looks at Jemmy.*)

Betty. Oh Jemmy, you can tell us all the new fashions in town!

Farm. B. Ah, what price does corn bring at London market?

Jemmy. Corn!

Farm. B. Ah, how are oats?

Jemmy. Ask my ponies. Oats! think I'm from Bear-quay? I'm a gentleman of—ha! ha! ha!—Canile!

Betty. Indeed, father, you ask such uncouth questions; Pray, Jemmy, what makes you a gentleman?

Jemmy. My share in a Pharo bank; my boots to fling over the benches in the play-houses; a glass to squint at a face not fix inches from my own nose; my nag to kick up a dust in Rotten-row; short waistcoat, long breeches,

ches, two watches, twenty-inch cane umbrella, hat chin,
beau-dash, and shoe strings.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

A I R.

Look, dear ma'am, I'm quite the thing,

Natibus hey, tipity ho,

In my shoe I wear a string.

Plaiddy my tartan ho;

Cards and dice I've monstrous luck,

Tho' no drake yet keep a duck,

Tho' not Nimrod yet I'm a buck.

Lantherum swash kickee.

I've a purse well stocked with—brass,

Chinckily hee, chinckily ho;

I've good eyes, yet cock my glass,

Stare about, squintum ho;

In two boots I boldly walk,

Pistol, sword, I never baulk,

Meet my man and bravely talk,

Poppitus, pop, coupee;

Sometimes I mount a smart cockade,

Puppydum hey, struttledom ho.

From Hyde-Park to the Parade,

Cockmacary kee:

As I pass a sentry box,

Soldiers rest their bright firelocks,

Each about his musquet knocks,

Rattledum flap to me.

In the Mall Miss gives her card,

Cashady me, kissady she;

Set before the Palace yard,

Leggerum, lounge a row;

Prettiest things I softly say,

When I'm ask'd your chairs to pay,

Yes, says I, and walk away.

Pennybus, farthing ho.

Betty.

Betty. Oh, Lord! he's quite rakish! [Enraptured.]

Farm. Stub. Then Jemmy, I warrant on your going to London, you soon got up stairs into gentlemen's company?

Farm. B. Ay, and warrant you he soon got down stairs out of gentlemen's company, ha! ha! ha!

[Making a motion with his foot.]

Jemmy. Zounds, Sir, I belong'd to a coterin.

Betty. La! what's a coterin?

Jemmy. Ma'am, its a club, a thing we established—fitted up a house in style—select—to be by ourselves, for the purpose of play.

Farm. B. O then there was a gang of you?

Jemmy. Gang! What do you call——? Party—men of fashion—deep, play——Egad, the rouleaus flew about like shuttle-cocks.

Betty. And what's a rouleau?

Jemmy. A parcel of——shillings——neatly rolled up like—a—

Farm. B. Ay, like a pennyworth of tobacco, I suppose!

Jemmy. Tobacco! 'gad, Sir, you suppose the strangest ---what---eh?

Farm. Stub. And, Jemmy, who was of your——

Jemmy. Party? I and Sir Bruin Bickery, Marquis Delpini, Colonel Pimlico, and my Lord Picardy---hem!

[flourishes.]

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Jem. (Apart to Farm B.) Must bountee a few, Betty's so upish—likely wou'dn't have me else.

Farm. B. Right. (to Jem.) Neighbour, we'll have Betty and Jemmy married this very night—then she'll be out of the way of this wicked devil of a landlord.

(Aside.) (pipes and tabors without) True, we have won our cricket match to day, the lads and lasses are all in such high glee, so your wedding shall add to the joy of the day, ha! ha! ha!

[Exeunt all but Jemmy, who is detained by Molly Maybush.]

Molly.

Molly. Jemmy, you shan't marry Betty Blackberry; you know afore you went up to London you was book-sworn to me.

Jem. I went a clown, and I'm come home a gemman.

Moll. I'm sure' all the difference I see is, that going you had brown hair, a fat face, and an honest heart; and you've come home with a white head, lank cheeks, and an ill-natur'd soul.

Jem. As to head and face—and head—I'm just the—the Tippy; and as to soul, that is with us, *Gents*, like our honor, a thing we know nothing about, only to swear by; as “'pon my soul, sir,”—“'pon my honor, mem,”—just as your country folks “odsbodikins” “Gadzookens,” and “by the living Jingo.”

Moll. For sartain, my father can't leave me quite so well as Betty; we han't so much corn in our granary, but I've ten times as much love in my heart, Jemmy.

A I R.

My daddy, O, was very good,
To make me fine, he spar'd no pelf,
And scrape up money all he cou'd,
He'd give it to my bonny self.

My handsome cap from Dover came,
Some thought from France, so gay to see,
Tho' figh'd for by each maid and dame;
'Twas not my cap was dear to me.

Blythe Johnny, O, upon his mare,
Adown the dell his horn ran sweet,
To me presented pufs, the hare,
That o'er the wild thyme ran so fleet.

Then Ned a nosegay for my breast,
He brought no flow'r more sweet than he;
And warbling Will a linnet's nest,
No flow'rs or birds were dear to me.

So softly, O, to yonder grove,
The moon so kind the while did blink,
I stole to meet my own true love,
Yet on false love I fell to chink.

The rustling leaves increase my fears,
A footstep falls who cannot be;
Oh joy, my Jemmy now appears,
And he alone was dear to me.

Jem. Piping for me, Molly, is—I'm not come-at-able. (*swaggers.*)

Moll. But your promise——

Jem. Keep a promise! What do you take me for?

Moll. Did I think you ever could forget the day you left our village? Don't you remember as you were stepping on the coach roof, as I stood crying, you with one foot on the little wheel, and t'other just on the boot; your right hand you stretch'd to the coachman, and your left as I held it mine, washing it with my tears, the postman at that moment sounding his horn; gee! up! says the coachman, and I soon lost sight of my Jemmy.

Jem. I protest I've such an absence—that——

Moll. You must remember your promise to marry me—you can't forget the horn.

Jem. Horn!—a damn'd odd marriage memorandum you've hit upon, Molly.

Farmer.

JEMMY JUMPS.

VERY well, I think my hat and boots will do, so step down and call for a glass, and I'll send the cash down to you presently.

[*Exeunt hatter and boot-maker.*]

Jemmy. Oh, the gentleman desired you'd call me out from the company, and he'd settle the affair with me here.

1st Wait. Yes.

Jemmy.

Jemmy. Now, I shall pocket the cash, la! la! Oh! and Jack, if your mistress sends me up her stays, I'll take 'em home with me now, and alter them to her liking. (*Exit 1st Waiter*) That will show this gentleman I'm a man of business, then he won't be afraid to lend the cash about him, though I should like he'd send me over to Drummond's, it's so pretty to see those bankers clerks shovel up the gold! with a back paw slide a handful of guineas along the counter, then tip, tip, tip! reckon so nimble—(*mimicks*) with this money such a smart shop as I shall open.

Val. (without) Push about, lads! the gentleman and I'll return to you instantly.

Jemmy. Oh! here he is! (*with joy and expectation*).

Enter Valentine.

Val. Well, Sir, a'nt my friends jolly fellows?

Jemmy. Very jolly, Sir, and we'd a choice fine dinner! that pig and egg-sauce was! oh, dear! but there'll be a monstrous great bill to pay!

Val. A vulgar fellow this! but I'll touch his cash, and then get rid of him (*Aside*) won't you please to fit, sir?

Jemmy. Now, if he isn't as condescending as if he wasn't worth a guinea (*Aside*).

Val. True, Total said he loves his bottle (*Aside*) waiter! a batch of burgundy in here.

Jemmy. More burgundy! my shot will make a vast hole in the money I'm to get. (*Aside*) [*Valentine and Jemmy cringingly complaisant in the following scene.*]

Val. Sir, I esteem myself so much obliged.

Jemmy. Sir, (*bows and smiles*) what genteelness to me that's going to borrow his cash from him (*Aside*) fir, it's what I never shall forget the longest day I have to live!

Val. Sir, the civilest money-lender I ever met with (*Aside*) fir, tho' I flatter myself the security is unexceptionable.

Jemmy. Security! fir, I'll have two of the warmest house-keepers in Norton Falgate.—

Val.

Val. Norton Falgate! Really, fir, I don't know any body in that quarter of the town.—

Jemmy. Lord, fir; it's one of the most substantialist and most opulentist place.—

Val. I hav'n't a doubt, fir—but had hopes of giving you a lieutenant's commission.—

Jemmy. Give me a commission—eh—he, he, he!

Val. Oh, well, fir; since that is not—if Mr. Total joins in a bond.—

Jemmy. Sir, I've no objection to a bond, if you think that sufficient; but asking Mr. Total to join is a liberty that—almost a stranger to me—though he has so kindly brought about this business, I could not expect him to join—oh, no!

Val. My dear fir, if he dare refuse I'd break his back.

Jemmy. Back! his back! Oh, Lord! what! force him to join? Oh, fir, by no means. He's almost a stranger to me.

Val. Oh, well fir, if you think it can be done between ourselves.

Jemmy. Sir, (*Bows*) how good! (*Bows*) the sum I suppose you understand is—

Val. Two hundred pounds (*bows and smiles*)

Jemmy. Just (*bows*)

Val. Sir, won't you take a glass of wine? (*fills for Jemmy.*)

Jem. Sir, won't you take another? (*runs and fills for Val.*)

Val. Sir.

Jem. Sir, (*they jingle glasses.*)

Val. Here is X, Y. against the whole alphabet.

Jem. A new toast amongst the money-lenders. (*Aside*) Sir, here is X, Y. in the alphabet. (*drinks*)

Val. Sir, now if you please, I'll call in my friend the Lawyer, and we'll settle the affair at once.

Jem. Sir,—now I shall touch—that for Molly Maybush's fortune. (*aside, and snapping his fingers.*)

Val. 'Gad, this two hundred will make a man of me.
(*aside.*) Counsellor Flummery come into court, (*calling with great gaiety.*)

Enter Counsellor Flummery.

Coun. Flum. Well, gentlemen, if you're quite agreed—

Val. and Fem. Oh, yes, we're quite agreed (*Counsellor Flummery takes out a bond, and begins to read.*)

Val. Psha! (*snatching the bond*) we both know the sum and terms, so here goes to sign and seal, all's settled.
(*writes on the bond.*)

Fem. (*signs*) I deliver that as my hand and pen.

Coun. Flum. Your hand and pen! Oh, my dear, it's your act and deed, you mean. Valentine, I've drawn out a bill and receipt for that twenty guineas (*apart.*)

Val. My dear fellow, I'll pay you down this moment
(*apart.*)

Coun. Flum. Then, now, gentlemen, nothing's to be done but down with the gold. (*Valentine and Femmy stand some time looking at each other with expectation.*)

Val. Here's a repository for the two hundred (*taking out an empty purse.*)

Fem. And here's my ramskin budget, (*shows the glove given by the Col.*)

Val. What's that for, sir?

Fem. To put your money in, sir; or if you'll give me a draft, I'll step over to Drummond's.

Val. What draft, sir?

Fem. To receive the cash, Sir!

Val. To receive! True, Total told me he had twenty thousand at his banker's (*aside.*) Then, sir, I'll wait here 'till you bring me the money.

Fem. Then you'll wait a damn'd long while (*aside.*) Lord, sir, Drummond wou'd'nt give his daddy money without your order.

Val. Really, sir, I know nothing about Drummond, or his daddy; I wait for the money that you——

Fem. Sir!——

Val.

Val. The two hundred pounds you're going to lend me.

Jem. I going to lend you!

Val. Why, Sir, you know that's what brought you here.

Jem. Oh, Lord, no fir; no, no. I came here for you to lend me two hundred pounds.

Coun. Flum. Ho! ha! ha! 'Pon my honour, here's a fine Irish bargain; all *Borrowers* but no *Lenders*. But who is to pay costs? As you don't want the receipt, John Doe and Richard Roe. (*aside to Valentine, and exit.*)

Enter 1st waiter.

Val. Damme, Sir! who are you?

1st Wait. (*Who gives a pair of stays to Jemmy.*) Here, my mistress desires you'll add two bones to her stays, and bring 'em against to-morrow.

Val. Stays and bones! Pray, friend, do you know this gentleman?

1st Wait. Oh, yes, fir; that gentleman is Jemmy Jumps—ha! ha! ha! the *Stay-maker*. [*Exit.*]

Jem. Yes, fir; and if your lady shou'd want me, I have the neatest stitch.

Val. Stitch! Pray, Sir, an't you X, Y?

Jem. No fir; 'nor P, Q. Pray, fir, don't you prop the treasury? Oh! I suspect here has been a hum.

Val. Total has either play'd me a trick, or made some curs'd blunder here! (*aside.*) Retire. (*commanding.*)

Jem. Retire!

Val. Withdraw, you rascal.

Enter 2d Waiter.

2d Wait. The other gentlemen are stepp'd out, and desired me to bring the bill up to you, gentlemen. (*offers it to Jemmy.*)

Jem. Bill! lord, a bill to me! I'm no gentleman.

2d Wait. It's twenty-two pounds, ten—

Jem. Twenty-two pounds, ten (*looking at it in the waiter's hand.*) Withdraw, you rascal.

As Jemmy's going off, enter Hatter.

Hatt. Sir, (*to Jemmy*) as my master keeps no accounts with

with any body, you'll be pleased to pay for the hat.—

Jem. Eh—oh—the hat.

Enter boot-maker.

Boot. Sir, I'd be glad of the money for the boots.

Jem. Eh—oh—the boots.

Boot. Yes, sir, if they fit, I'd be glad you'd let me go home.

Jem. Do go home, my lad, you shou'd not stay out so long from your business.

Boot. My business is to be paid for my goods; ay, and I will too.

Jem. To block a new beaver and jump into such costly Cordovans on the strength of—oh, dear! what shall I do?

Val. This infernal old badger to draw me into a tavern bill, and not a guinea in my pocket. (*aside.*) Is Counsellor Flummery gone too?

Wait. Yes, sir, but he has left a Bailiff below. (*Ring- ing without.*) Coming up, sir. [*Exit.*

Val. A Bailiff!

Jem. A Bailiff! oh, Lord!

Enter Bailiff.

Bail. Sir, I've a writ against you—

[*to Val.*

Val. Well, I'll go.

Enter Landlord and Waiters.

Land. You won't go, I hope, sir, 'till the bill is settled?

Jem. But I will, if I can tho'.

[*Runs off.*

Val. Confusion! now I am punish'd for my cruelty to my amiable wife. [*Farmer.*

CRABTREE.

LADY Sneerwell, your most obedient humble servant. Mrs. Candour, I believe you don't know my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite; he has a very pretty taste for poetry, and shall make a rebus or a charade with any one.

Sir Ben.

Sir Benj. O fie! uncle.

Crab. In faith he will: did you ever hear the lines he made at Lady Ponto's route, on Mrs. Frizzle's feathers catching fire? and the rebuses—his first is the name of a fish: the next a great naval commander, and—

Sir Benj. Uncle, now pr'ythee.

L. Sneer. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish any thing.

Sir. Benj. Why, to say the truth, 'tis very vulgar to print—and as my little productions are chiefly satires, and lampoons on particular persons, I find they circulate better by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties;—however, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured by this lady's smiles, (*to Maria*) I mean to give to the public.

Crab. 'Foregad, madam, they'll immortalize you, (*to Maria*) you will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir Benj. Yes, madam, I think you'll like them, (*to Maria*) when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto type, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin;—'forgad, they'll be the most elegant things of their kind.

Crab. But, odso, Ladies, did you hear the news?

Mrs. Cand. What—do you mean the report of—

Crab. No, Madam, that's not it—Miss Nicely going to be married to her own footman.

Mrs. Cand. Impossible?

Sir Benj. 'Tis very true indeed, madam; every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoken.

Crab. Yes, and they do say there was very pressing reasons for it.

Mrs. Cand. I heard something of this before.

L. Sneer. Oh! it cannot be; and I wonder they'd report such a thing of so prudent a lady.

Sir Benj. Oh! but, madam, that is the very reason that it was believed at once; for she has always been so

very cautious and reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. Cand. It is true, there is a sort of puny, sickly reputation, that would outlive the robuster character of an hundred prudes.

Sir Benj. True, madam; there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution, who being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. Cand. I believe this may be some mistake: you know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances have often given rise to the most ingenious tales.

Crab. Very true;—but adso, ladies, did you hear of Miss Letitia Piper's losing her lover and her character at Scarborough.—Sir Benjamin, you remember it.

Sir Benj. Oh, to be sure, the most whimsical circumstance!

L. Sneer. Pray, let us hear it.

Crab. Why, one evening, at Lady Spadile's assembly the conversation happened to turn upon the difficulty of breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country; no, says a Lady present, I have seen an instance of it, for a cousin of mine, Miss Letitia Piper, had one that produced twins. What, what, says old lady Dundizzy, (whom we all know is as deaf as a post) has Miss Letitia Piper had twins?—This, you may easily imagine, set the company in a loud laugh; and the next morning it was every where reported, and believed, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and girl.

Ommes. Ha, ha, ha!

Crab. 'Tis true, upon my honour—Oh, Mr. Surface, how do you do? I hear your uncle, Sir Oliver, is expected in town; sad news upon his arrival, to hear how your brother has gone on.

Jos. I hope no busy people have already prejudiced his uncle against him—he may reform.

Sir Benj.

Sir Benj. True, he may; for my part, I never thought him so utterly void of principle as people say—and though he has lost all his friends, I am told no body is better spoken of amongst the Jews.

Crab. 'Foregad, if the Old Jewry was a ward, Charles would be an alderman, for he pays as many annuities as the Irish Tontine; and when he is sick, they have prayers for his recovery in all the synagogues.

Sir Benj. Yet no man lives in greater splendour.—They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he can sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities, have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antichamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Jos. This may be entertaining to you, gentlemen;—but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Mar. Their malice is intolerable. (*Aside.*) Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning; I'am not very well. [*Exit Maria.*]

Mrs. Cand. She changes colour.

L. Sneer. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her.

Mrs. Cand. To be sure I will;—poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be.

[*Mrs. Candour follows her.*]

L. Sneer. 'Twas nothing, but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

Sir Benj. The young lady's penchant is obvious.

Crab. Come, don't let this dishearten you—follow her, and repeat some of your odes to her, and I'll assist you.

Sir Benj. Mr. Surface, I did not come to hurt you, but depend on't your brother is utterly undone.

Crab. Oh! undone as ever man was—can't raise a guinea.

Sir Benj. Every thing is sold, I am told, that was moveable.

Crab.

Crab. Not a moveable left, except some old bottles, and some pictures, and they seem to be framed in the wainscot, egad.

Sir Benj. I am sorry to hear also some bad stories of him.

Crab. Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

Sir Benj. But, however, he's your brother.

Crab. Aye! as he is your brother—we'll tell you more another opportunity. *Exeunt Crab. and Sir Benj.*

L. Sneer. 'Tis very hard for them, indeed, to leave a subject they had not quite run down.

Jos. And I fancy their abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than to Maria.

L. Sneer. I doubt her affections are further engaged than we imagine;—but the family are to be here this afternoon, so you may as well dine where you are; we shall have an opportunity of observing her further;—in the mean time, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study. *[School for Scandal.]*

SIR PETER TEAZLE.

WHEN an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect?—T'is now above six months since my Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since.—We tifted a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells were done ringing. I was more than once nearly choaked with gall during the honey-moon, and had lost every satisfaction in life, before my friends had done wishing me joy.—And yet I chose with caution a girl bred wholly in the country, who had never known luxury, beyond one silk gown, or dissipation beyond the annual

annual gala of a race-ball.——Yet now, she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the town, with as good a grace as if she had never seen a bush, or a grass plot out of Grosvenor-square.——I am sneered at by all my acquaintance——paragraphed in the newspapers——she dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours.——And yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this——but I am determined never to be weak enough to let her know it——
No! no! no!

[*School for Scandal.*

FINIS.



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